

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;
VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING
THE LAST OF HIS LETTERS, AND WILL.

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C O N T E N T S.

LETTERS to and from Mr. GAY, &c.

From the Year 1712 to 1732.

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LET.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

M^R. G A Y, &c.

From the Year 1712, to 1732.

L E T T E R I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

YOU writ me a very kind letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you; and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I passed two months in Suffex, and since my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms*, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends. But this I know nothing of: perhaps he may have opened to you; and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself; which if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be

* We see by the letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was wont to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticism. So he lost his two early friends Cromwell and Wycheley, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taste of the other.

LETTERS TO AND

long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you, (those two eternal foes to merit), imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1712.

IT has been my good fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleased me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing, upon my word, has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many inconveniencies and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angustæ domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them some real service. For after all, if we could but think a little, self-love might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantulæ indiget natura*! Ourselves are easily provided for; it is nothing but the circumstantial, and the apparatus or equipage of human life, that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends or the indigent.

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Ducheſs* will

* Ducheſs of Monmouth, to whom he was just then made Secretary.

allow

allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, though you are now secretary to this lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon those ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any he who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans formarum spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear, and pretty elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it), but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madona as old as her

mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting; and as it is said, an angel came and finished his piece, &c, you would swear, a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimmed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan**, which I doubt not, will delight the eye and sense of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your fan is mounted so soon; but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a mandarine to fan himself cool after a debate, and a statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

Dear Mr. GAY,

Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil†! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blessed with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of

* A poem of Mr. Gay's so intitled.

† In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Q. Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future : whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail ! equally beloved and welcome to me ! If happy, I am to partake of your elevation ; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail !

One or two of your old friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death ; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons to themselves to alledge in your excuse ; as men who really value one another, will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits : even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor : during your journey I knew not whether to aim a letter after you ; that was a sort of shooting flying : add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a-day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over ; come and make merry with me in much feasting : we will feed among the lilies ; (by the lilies I mean the ladies.) Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as

charming as the Bloufalindas of the Hague? or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked, his Rosalinda. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directly to the post-house in Bath, Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm.—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleased to know he died easily, without

out a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peaceably as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I cannot pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes*. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a-year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing, but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother poets of these days.

The Dukes, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I cannot tell who else, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has much outshined all the French ladies, as she did the English before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those nuns and orthodox beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we

* A Poem intitled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Esq; author of that celebrated treatise in folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL.*

can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Your, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young Prince because he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

L E T T E R V L

From Mr. GAY to Mr. F—.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old authors, of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel; which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors, but to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers, than ever were found in romance, under the shade of a beech tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the

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posie on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed, that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding-clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July between two and three in the afternoon), the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they flew to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied the faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows:

When.

*When Eastern lovers feed the sun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.*

But my Lord is apprehensive the country-people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he will make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold *.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

Dear GAY,

Sept. 11, 1722.

I THANK you for remembering me; I would do my best to forget myself, but that I find your idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I am sorry I could not have a glimpse either of you, or of the sun (your father) before you went for Bath: but now it pleases me to see

* The epitaph was this:

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an industrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this parish;
Who being at harvest work
(with several others)
were in one instant killed by lightning
the last day of July 1718.

Think not, by sig'rous Judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

him

him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind, that he has one on this side of the world who loves him, and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Duchess. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourself, and one of them at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely, Mrs. Howard.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffered to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are yet your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot, that even pigeon-pies and hogs puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester, are opened and profanely pried into at the Tower: it is the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve, and the Doctor, will be sensible of my concern and surprise at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch: I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man, but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment, like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addressed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

July 13, 1722.

I WAS very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived

ceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain. I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment to know their greatest interest, to encourage and chuse honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good-nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass-plat. In the mean time, we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, &c.

LET.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I THINK it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have tried as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters; and, be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have intervened to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I do not desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those that know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; though (to say truth) I do not care how little I am indebted to time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I do not believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

I FAITHFULLY assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death; there was no circumstance that rendered it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must, in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as, I fear, hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast—may the life that is added to you be passed in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others. May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

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L E T T E R XI.

Sunday-night.

I TRULY rejoiced to see your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be feared, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you, either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you; and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewel is proper, *Vive memor nostri*.

Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have passed concerning you.

L E T T E R XII.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assured, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had

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particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceased to alarm me yet; God preserve your life, and restore your health. I really beg it for my own sake; for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, though I always loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a court; even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER XIII.

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now passed five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten

to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: every year carries away something dear with it, till we out-live all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

*With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a ſieve, let ev'ry pleaſure through;
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad reflection more!
Is this a birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the ſun'ral of the former year.*

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs. ———.

June 20.

WE cannot omit taking this occaſion to congratulate you upon the increaſe of your family, for your cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better ſort, I mean a female calf; ſhe is as like her mother as ſhe can ſtare. All Knights-errant's paſſreys were diſtinguiſhed by lofty names: we ſee no reaſon why a paſtoral lady's ſheep and calves ſhould want names of the ſofter ſound: we have therefore given her the name of Cæſar's wife, Calphurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were ſuckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was ſuckled by a cow, from whence ſhe took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill*. Mrs. Suſan offered us wine upon the occaſion, and upon

* Mrs. Howard's houſe.

such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettuce of a Greek island called *Cor*. We have some thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delightful room in the world, except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can, in your house.

I hope we shall be brought into no worse company, when you all come to Richmond. For whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into court, I disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the court but yourself, being wholly and solely

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

July 21.

YOU have the same share in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind; only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends, (and if I did not, they would take it), in consideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembering me, though they preserve for me all the friendship and good-will which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, it is you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenetic, consider I have just received the news of the death of a friend, whom

whom I esteemed almost as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead, of indolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the Duchess * will take care of you in this respect; and either make you gallop after her, or tease you enough at home to serve instead of exercise abroad.— Mrs. Howard is so concerned about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqued with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any poet militant or unpensioned. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own I am, as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be,
Your, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

DEAR SIR,

Oct. 6, 1727.

I HAVE many years ago magnified in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture; "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismissal from all court-dependence; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honestest man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuller, and chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and tramelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and peers, (the lackies of princes), and ladies, (the fools of peers), will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which kings and queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give), Liberty, and which is worth all they

* Of Queensberry.

have;

have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is their greatest favourite, who is the falsest; and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: so many a minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham; I presume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with court omens?—Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech: while you are nobody's servant, you may be any man's friend; and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have sixpence, nay, eightpence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

IT was two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of

of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. B. my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who seemed in the letter she writ to be in high health and spirits. Considering the multiplicity of pleasures and delights that one is over-run with in those places, I wonder how any body hath health and spirits enough to support them: I am heartily glad she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from dependence, though I have less attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be disposed of yet? I have not given up my pretensions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wish one of us had it; I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertisements in newspapers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and by the indignation such fellows shew against you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himself hath not been worse used by the French. I am to tell you that the Duchess makes you her compliments, and is always inclined to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude; and loves, not envies, your performance, for we are not dunces. Adieu.

L E T T E R XVIII.

April 18, 1730.

IF my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantaged and enriched by it. I ever honoured those Popes who were most famous for nepotism: it is a sign that the old fellows loved somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour

nour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay, so utterly useless, that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the general, whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you, (an excellent remedy for love). How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive), that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand of the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am condemned to live by a highway side, like an old patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane solutantum totis vomit edibus undam;

while you are wrapt in the Idalian groves, sprinkled with rose water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am doomed to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banished with the Duchess of Queensberry! So partial is fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banished than you, and I know some ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I will say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well—I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue, and told him the pains you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are

mentioned.

mentioned kindly : he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always speaks of you : he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carnivoracity of our friend : he plays now with the old Duchess, nay dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counsellor Bickford has hurt himself, and has the strongest walking-staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit with it at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchess's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, &c.

L E T T E R X I X .

Sept. 11, 1730.

I MAY with great truth return your speech, that I think of you daily : oftener indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man, who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy for those which he wants. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more blessed state with spirits of a higher kind : such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, since their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends ; for, I conclude, none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I cannot but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twitnam seems, to be ranked with such rectified and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admission to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugged back to the world and its regards too often ; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within
car-

ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the colluvies and sink of human greatness at W——r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you lived in your mortal, and too transitory state, at Petersham; one Lord B. who admired the Duchess before she grew a goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be borne easily: and poor Mrs. Rollinson, though a private woman, was such. Her husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our fate and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

OCT. 1, 1730.

I AM something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more serviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Irishman) that the

moon

moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I do not say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one, (if you will suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's); for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to some life. A friend (a woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she would complete all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the employment I am fittest for; conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatified spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state: for, as to my living at Windsor with the ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My fair-weather friends of the summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity, that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race, merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their parents.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

IT is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness. I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once! and that I might live to see you as happy, as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age increases; not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me: and so I find myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one strong desire; all other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable friendships: and the accidents, which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind; I purpose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? Here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day: and, as to the learned world, there is nothing

thing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am, with the same truth as ever,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXII.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOUR letter is a very kind one, but I cannot say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, through the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immersed in the country; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of not one thing worth reading or seeing; the whole age seems resolved to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public epitaph, or monumental inscription, like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perished*! There may indeed be a wooden image or two of poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the giants at Guildhall) show the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: at present the poor Laureat* and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a *parson* holds forth the emblem of *inspiration*, and an honest industrious *thresher* not unaptly

* Eusden.

represents *pains and labour*. I hope this phænomenon of Wiltshire has appeared at Amesbury, or the Duchess will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuses, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talked of at court; but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the same breath with the Thresher, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or conversed with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful phænomenon of Wiltshire? I have read through his whole volume* with admiration of the writer, though not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have passed just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so till the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance; for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend †.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me, though it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, &c.

* This was his 4to volume, written before he had given any signs of these extravagancies which have since rendered him so famous. As the court set up Mr. Duck for the rival of Mr. Pope, the city at the same time considered Chubb, as one who would eclipse Locke. The modesty of the court poet kept him sober in a very intoxicating situation, while the vanity of this new-fangled philosopher assisted his sage admirers in turning his head.

† Alluding to those lines in the *Epist. on the characters of women*, verse 159, 160, vol. ii.

"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,

"Say, what can Chloe want?—She wants a heart."

LET.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrel tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle, and the waters roar. The sun gives us a parting look, but it is but a cold one; we are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town: you will live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conscience-sake, that you should come to town, and that the Duchess should stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the Duke should lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up rogues in satire: I fancy they will turn to good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, though indeed, while he lived, he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However, ambition finds something to be gratified with in a mere name! or else, God have mercy upon poor Ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loss which to prefer; but, for my own part, I like none so well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk, if you tried your Muse on this occasion. I am sure I would do as much for the Duchess of Queensberry, if she desired it. Several of your friends assure me it is

expected from you: one should not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of miscellanies is just published, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I assure you, no one more than
Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From MR. GAY to MR. POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I AM at last returned from my Somersetshire expedition, but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went; for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made, were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We were often entertained with sea-views and sea-fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleased with Dunster-castle near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol-channel, in which are seen two small islands called the *Steep Holms* and *Flat Holms*, and on the other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields on the Welch coast. All this journey I performed on horseback, and I am very much disappointed that at present I feel myself so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it; so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complained of, is inherent

herent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience*.

As to your advice about writing panegyric, it is what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at present, as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses on these sublime occasions; so that I have no emulation; let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. CLELAND to Mr. GAY†.

Dec. 16, 1731.

I AM astonish'd at the complaints occasioned by a late epistle to the Earl of Burlington; and should be afflicted were there the least just ground for them. Had the writer attacked Vice, at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being concealed as a defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a merit; I should have been apprehensive of the consequence: had he satirized gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquired by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged; had he over-warmly defended the religion of his country, against such books as come from every press, are publicly vended in every shop, and greedily bought by almost every rank of men; or had

* Mr. Gay died the November following at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46 years.—See Mr. Pope's epigraph on him, vol. ii. p. 320.

† This was written by the same hand that wrote the *Letter to the Publisher*, prefixed to the *Dunciad*, vol. iii.

he called our excellent weekly writers by the same names which they openly bestow on the greatest men in the ministry, and out of the ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: in any of these cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest epistle, which attacks no one vice whatsoever; which deals only in folly, and not folly in general, but a single species of it; that only branch, for the opposite excellency of which, the noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure, especially seeing how tenderly these follies are treated, and really less accused than apologized for:

*Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The lab'rer bears.*

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? It is an innocent folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one, a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favoured house, and the best-reputed citizen be pleased with a vile garden. I thought (I say) the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him: which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others. But, they say, the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his house, garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the persons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the

wrong

wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to say a thing is personal, is the same as to say it is unjust, not considering, that nothing can be just that is not personal. I am afraid that "all writings and discourses as touch no man, will mend no man."—The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any think like satire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reason, because the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

*Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.*

No wonder those who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed in their best characters. No wonder those who are food for satirists should rail at them as creatures of prey; every beast born for our use would be ready to call a man so.

I know no remedy, unless people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unless comedy were forsaken, satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own eyes, as if there were no king, no priest, no poet, in Israel.

But I find myself obliged to touch a point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should; I mean, the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly say, they would impute to the person the most different in the world from a man-hater, to the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have often been shewn in the rightest place. The author of that epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been distinguished by this very person.

Why, in God's name, must a portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing.—

What

What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physic into poison, than if amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life (to use his own expression in print of him) is a *continued series of good and generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim at. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

March 7, 1734.

THE clamour raised about my epistle to you*, could not give me so much pain, as I received pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the poem that deserved this from you: for as I had the honour to be your friend, I could not treat you quite like a poet: but sure the writer deserv-

* The 4th ethic epistle, vol. II.

ed more candour, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report, which, in regard to that noble person, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since, by that means, nineteen would escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a-dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as, I fear, some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offered to himself*.

However, my Lord, I own that critics of this sort can intimidate me, nay, half incline me to write no more: that would be making the town a compliment which, I think, it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This way of satire is dangerous, as long as slander, raised by fools of the lowest rank, can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learned there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high-places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries: and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in

* Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch** wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion.

my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones. I am,

My LORD,

Your most affectionate, &c.

L E T T E R XXVII*.

Girencester.

IT is a true saying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendships; they shew us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourselves any otherwise. I feel my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tenderesses and affections. I set out with a heavy heart, wishing I had done this thing the last season; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident, which I dread the most, my mother's death, (especially should it happen while I am away). And another reflection pains me, that I have never, since I knew you been so long separated from you, as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers, and every year teaches you to live without me: this absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanted to you, than once it seemed, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal disordered me, notwithstanding my resting place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in spirits all day long; I rejoice to see him so. It is a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friends so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures, than I can be in sharing either with them; for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot

* To Mrs. B.

keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myself. The worst is, that reading and writing, which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life; and if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former, or present. My uneasiness of body I can bear; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *easy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world), and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing yourself to others, out of a mistaken tenderness, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L— to live out of a court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: you grow *too indolent*, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt yourself *your own*: spirits would come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *humour*, nor your own *sense*.

You cannot conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and chearfulness grow upon you, if you would once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you. Adieu. Pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER XXVIII*.

YOUR letter, dated at nine o'clock on Tuesday, (night, I suppose), has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater†. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her master had none less honest about him. The world, after all, is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though less in pain; for which last, however, I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long liv-

* To the same.

† Mr. Gay's death, which happened in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46.

ed with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well: I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal-tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it; for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: be assured I love you both, and be further assured, that friendship will increase as I live on.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To HUGH BETHEL, Esq;

July 12, 1723.

I ASSURE you unfeignedly, any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who know those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of vanity, if not of falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but, if I did want them, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is some compliment; for I would rather most men did me a small injury than kindness. I know your humanity, and, allow me to say, I love and value you for it: it is a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: they generally admire in the wrong place,

and generally most admire the things they do not comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand, much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their inferiors. But humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terrace; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances. Let me know how I may convey over the *Odyssseys* for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of *Ulysses*: I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning, as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book *, wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of truth, and branched out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it, together with the *Odysssey*. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about truth, since this book appeared, as they did about health when *Dr. Cheyne's* came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

* *Mr. Wollaston's excellent book of the Religion of Nature delineated.* The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading, and the talking of it, fashionable.

L E T T E R XXX.

To the same.

Aug. 9; 1726.

I NEVER am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a patriarch of old, standing by the highway-side, and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your relation, the Earl of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly followed and flattered in the former scene of his life, shewed them as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believed of him: for my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be composed of.

Though you could have no great value for this great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. It

is the loss of an object familiar to us : I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up; that I remembered ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be; for you do not name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going; for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions: but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decorat lachrymis*.—I am but a *lodger* here: this is not an abiding city; I am only to stay out my lease: for what has perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an inn at Twickenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours.—Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXI.

To the same.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and confiderate; (things few people can be charged with). Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word, I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my mother's unexpected recovery, though my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and, when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: gratitude is a cheap virtue; one may pay it very punctually; for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done: and I owe her more good than ever I can pay, or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world: but those offices, that are necessary duties, either to our friends or ourselves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time, it must be owned, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of all) through their own means*. But still I affirm,

* See letter xxvii. from Cirencester.

those

those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event, which has just now happened*, put the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new state. The only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is, to observe the disparity of men from themselves in a week's time: the desultory leaping and catching of new notions, new modes, new measures; and that strange spirit and life, with which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their solicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while, as a philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To the same.

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing of my boyish letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved; and I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

* The death of K. George I. which happened on the 11th of June, 1727.

I am

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London: curiosity and the love of dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual trust. It is by belief and firm hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependence upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the insipid, the disagreeable, the cloying or the dead sweat, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relished long; and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed, for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost entirely for that which is the most out of fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your pænegyric, and perhaps my own too; for next to possessing the best of qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess them. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

LET.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

Aug. 24, 1728.

I PRESUME you may, before this time, be returned from the contemplation of many beauties, animal and vegetable, in gardens, and possibly some rational in ladies, to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliments to ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year, and with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye, in the last of these glorious appellations, to the style of a lord, degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him *labourer*. *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima sapientiæ*; which is more than can be said, by most modern nobility, of Grace, or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima stultitiæ*. The great Turk, you know, is often a gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the great Turk? The two paradises are not ill connected, of gardens and gallantry; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Mussulmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the court, (nay, perhaps, at the court), as you at Southampton; and our ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and royal family by their servants, and the

long

long and laborious walks her Majesty takes every morning. Yet, if the graver historians hereafter shall be silent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotal may make posterity some amends, by being furnished with the gallantries of the great at home; and it is some comfort, that if the men of the next age do not read of us, the women may.

From the time you have been absent, I have not been to wait on a certain great man, through modesty, through idleness, and through respect. But for my comfort, I fancy, that any great man will as soon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I MUST confess, that, in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen, and what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fixed in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprised me; immensity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake: why will you imagine women insensible to praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their lover to their flatterer. I am sure the farmeress at Bevis, in her highest mortifications in the middle of her Lent*, would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

* The Countess of Peterborow, a Roman Catholic.

You

You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hindered me showing your letter to a friend; when you join two ladies in the same compliment, though you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the *Dunciad*, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a court, to be without politics? With politics, indeed, the *Richlieus*, and such folks, have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy, in our times, can make ten treaties in a year, and secure everlasting peace?

I can no longer disagree with you, though in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your esteem of that most noble title, *Loiterer*. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a temple to Laziness. No man sure could blame my choice of such a deity, who considers, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

YOU were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you; you did it (as all polemics do) to show your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but, since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, Reason, when beauty is uncontested. Venus herself would allow Minerva to be goddess of wit,

wit, when Paris gave her the apple, (as the fool herself thought on a better account). I do say, that Lady P** is a reasonable woman; and, I think, she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon esteeming her, instead of toasting her, like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's sake, what have you said about politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your Lordship might as safely have spoken of heroes. What a bluster would the god of the winds have made, had one that we know puffed against Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipped the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

I'll give him flash for flash—

I'll give him dash for dash—

But all now is safe; the poets are preparing songs of joy, and halcyon days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a royal work*, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four wits into any hole in your garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Westminster. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you do not think our heads too expensive: but the same hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

* The Hermitage.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount-Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs, we never knew a deader season: it is all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they say, it is sometimes so just before an earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? or if you, my Lord, should be pricked on by any old-fashioned notions of honour and romance, and think it necessary for the general of the marines to be in action, when our fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concerned; and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigged on such an occasion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many years attend you as may be happy and honourable!

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a birth-day or a return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birth-day. Where you showed one letter, you may show the other; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me polemic, or associate me to any sect or corporation, provided you do not join me to the charitable rogues, or to the pacific politicians
of

of the present age. I have read over Barclay * in vain, and find, after a stroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myself to, is, to bear mortification from the fair sex with patience.

You seem to think it vexatious that I shall not allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise, or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church:

I find you do not mend upon correction: again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way; you know we always make goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity?

It is well the poets are preparing songs of joy; it is well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme, against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way as himself.

Yours.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From the same.

WHENEVER you apply as a good papist to your female mediatrix, you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country-letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheel-barrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

* Barclay's Apology for the Quakers.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! why is our shepherdess * in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journies beforehand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you to be sprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of corruption.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the same.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess,

* Mrs. H.

that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst many good men hold, that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well; I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth*, and a faucey love for my country.

When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper: as I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-t-t-n.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit; I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace. *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your Lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of

* As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick, in the year 1696-7.

the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune, in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest, and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel-country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R XL.

To **** †.

Sept. 13.

I BELIEVE you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the self-taught philosopher †. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of those I mentioned, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I do not think it at all possible that Mr. L** may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleased to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirled about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, though naturally he seems more inclined to admire God, in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbusla juvant, humilesque myrica*. I wish myself with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion, your Lordship has a loss of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesced at night in the best conclusion of which human reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep! And so we ended, unless immediate revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us, by a vision in bed. But

† Lord Bathurst.

† The title of an Arabic treatise of the life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

laying

laying aside theory, I am told, you are going directly to practice. Alas, what a fall will that be? A new building is like a new church; when once it is set up, you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniencies; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this letter may be all of a piece, I will fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood, about designing a princely garden. Several critics were of several opinions: one declared he would not have too much art in it; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping nature*: another told them that gravel walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of loose sand: a third advised peremptorily there should not be one lime tree in the whole plantation: a fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to horse-chestnuts, which he affirmed not to be trees, but weeds; Dutch elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proscribed, contrary to the paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear ever-greens, and called them never-greens; some who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern gardeners the name of ever-green tailors; some who had no dislike to cones and cubes, but would have them cut in forest-trees; and some who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipt-hedges, which they called green walls. These (my Lord) are our men of taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a taste is like such a stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but heroics, another cannot relish tragedies, another hates pastorals, all little wits delight in epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in divinity; where many leading critics are for rooting up more than they plant,

* An expression of Sir T. H.

and would leave the Lord's vineyard either very thinly furnished, or very oddly trimmed.

I have lately been with my Lord **, who is a zealous, yet a charitable planter, and has so bad a taste, as to like all that is good. He has a disposition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and, if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your Lordship with the delight I always see you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wish for you.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLI.

To Mr. C——.

Sept. 2, 1732.

I ASSURE you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be intitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good-will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you guess; I could not esteem your conduct to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. —, and I have often hinted it to yourself. The truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause of complaint, for the unhappy lady gives me now no further pain; she is no longer an object either of yours or my compassion: the hardships done her are lodged in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concerned in occasioning them.

As

As for the interruption of our correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I will name you the obstacles which I cannot surmount; want of health, want of time, want of good eyes, and one yet stronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men.— For however glad I might be of expressing my respects, opening my mind, or venting my concerns to my private friends, I hardly dare, while there are Curls in the world. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary booksellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general, you will confess I have small reason to indulge correspondencies; in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends would send me back those forfeitures of my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove as discredit as lasting and extensive as the fore said weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scribblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not answering your question about some party papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was, or will be privy to such papers: and if by accident, through my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they concealed, I should certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-house, I have often wished it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hindered me, and one which you are too good a Christian to wish I should have broken, having never ventured to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey,

Upon

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and your family, that become a friend: there is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured, I am in disposition and will, though not so much as I would be in testimonies or writing,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XLII.

To Mr. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 13, 1732.

I HAVE at last got my mother so well, as to allow myself to be absent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propose to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey called employing the pencil, the prayer of a painter; and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay, even to help a neighbour's ox or ass) on the Sabbath; which though it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have helped many a human ox, and many a human ass, to the likeness of man, not to say of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family, (the happiness of which ties I know by experience, and have learned to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine)

Your, &c.

L E T.

LETTER XLIII.

To the same.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead*. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

To the same.

IT is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, so much

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93.

the same! and which (alas for mortality!) will outlast the other. Posterity will, through your means, see the man whom it will for ages honour*, vindicate, and applaud, when Envy is no more, and when (as I have already said in the Essay to which you are so partial),

The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes.

That Essay has many faults, but the Poem you sent me has but one, and that I can easily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. I am glad you publish your Milton. B—ly will be angry at you, and at me too, shortly, for what I could not help, a satirical poem on verbal criticism, by Mr. Mallet, which he has inscribed to me, but the poem itself is good, (another cause of anger to any critic). As for myself, I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of man's anger, or woman's scandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu.

L E T T E R XLV.

To Mr. BETHEL.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments.—The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well, but my home is uneasy to

* Lord Bolingbroke.

me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley, (whose master is your servant), and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The court and Twit'nam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend *, who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man. There will be in it one line that may offend you, (I fear), and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach: besides that, in this age, I see too few good examples, not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

L E T T E R XLVI

To ———†.

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I

* Mrs. B.

† Mrs. B.

really

really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twit'nam; whenever I pass near my mother's room.

I have not yet writ to Mrs. **. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cause of it); I will put them out for no body but a friend; and I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know, is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt speeches. It is but in a very narrow circle that Friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must, knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare or memory can be of consequence: the rest, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down hill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy, whenever the night shall overtake us.

I dreamed all last night of —. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits: I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune, and (with all his good-breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister, and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that, to the last of my moments, the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you,

will attend you, told or untold : I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before or after I leave you, (the only way I ever shall leave you), you must determine ; but reflect, that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier ; the latter could make you only so. Adieu.

L E T T E R XLVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

I LITTLE doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find, that I am as officiously served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies ; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think since our first acquaintance there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies, that often affect the sincerest friendships : I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that, though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships ; they were quite of another sort : nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them : and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice which you seem naturally endued with, but still with a due regard to your own safety ; and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have :

pray,

pray, give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be—

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant, because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: examples are pictures, and strike the senses,

may, raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own, and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been, that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires.

As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters * I have drawn are such, that, if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But, if they should, those, of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such, in particular, as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents, that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter; and, as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination, as in a libel †. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it: for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but, if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I

* The character of Sporus in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, vol. ii.

† See the following letter to a noble Lord.

have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I, have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenæ made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus: and allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court-favourite, Boileau*. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were incense worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation, in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caressed, and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banished.

I would not have said so much, but to show you my whole heart on this subject, and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God, (which I know will also be yours),

* See letter VII. to Mr. Warburton.

that

that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy *.

[We find by letter xix. to Dr. Atterbury, that the Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her husband's character. But though he refused this office, yet, in his epistle *on the Characters of Women*, these lines,

*To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.*

Vol. ii. ver. 149, 150.

are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another; and having said of himself, that *he held a lie in prose and verse to be the same*: all this together gave a handle to his enemies, since his death, to publish the following paper, (intituled, *The Character of Katharine, &c.*) as written by him. To which (in vindication of the deceased poet) we have subjoined a letter to a friend, that will let the reader fully into the history of the *writing and publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.]

THE CHARACTER OF KATHARINE, late
Duchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby.

By the late Mr. POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James II. and of the Countess of Dorchester, who inherited the integrity and virtue of her father with happier fortune. She

* This excellent person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

was married first to James, Earl of Anglesey, and secondly to John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby; with the former she exercised the virtues of *patience* and *suffering*, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *conjugal virtues*. The man of finest sense and sharpest discernment she had the happiness to please, and in that found her only pleasure. When he died, it seemed as if his spirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preserve and watch over what he had left, *his only son*; in the care of whose health, the forming of whose mind, and the improvement of whose fortune, she acted with the conduct and sense of the father, softened, but not overcome, with the tenderness of the mother. Her understanding was such as must have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modesty of her sex threw a veil over its lustre, which nevertheless suppressed only the expression, not the exertion of it; for her sense was not superior to her resolution; which, when once she was in the right, preserved her from making it only a transition to the wrong, the frequent weakness even of the best women. She often followed wise counsel, but sometimes went before it, always with success. She was possessed of a spirit, which assisted her to get the better of those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly, with decency and dignity, those which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly through almost her whole life, at a succession of melancholy and affecting objects, the loss of all her children, the misfortunes of *relations and friends, public and private*, and the death of those who were dearest to her. Her heart was as compassionate as it was great: her affections warm even to solicitude: her friendship not violent or jealous, but rational and persevering: her gratitude equal and constant to the living; to the dead boundless and heroical. What person soever she found worthy of her esteem, she would not give up for any power on earth; and the greatest on earth, whom she could not esteem, obtained from her no farther tribute than

than decency. Her good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not measured by the regard they professed for her own desert, but by her idea of theirs: and, as there was no merit which she was not able to imitate, there was none which she could envy: therefore her conversation was as free from detraction, as her opinions from prejudice or prepossession. As her thoughts were her own, so were her words; and she was as sincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a safe companion; many were served, none ever suffered, by her acquaintance: inoffensive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not stupid: but the moment her enemy ceased to be hurtful, she could cease to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter, but consistent enemy: (though indeed, when forced to be so, the more a finished one for having been long a making). And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and steady course, like Justice, than in quick and passionate onsets, like Revenge. As for those of whom she only thought ill, she considered them not so much as once to wish them ill; of such, her contempt was great enough to put a stop to all other passions that could hurt them. Her love and aversion, her gratitude and resentment, her esteem and neglect, were equally open and strong, and alterable only from the alteration of the persons who created them. Her mind was too noble to be insincere, and her heart too honest to stand in need of it; so that she never found cause to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to speak of her person, which was most amiably majestic, the nicest eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her face, or proportion of her body; it was such, as pleased where-ever she had a desire it should; yet she never envied that of any other, which might better please in general: in the same manner, as being content that her merits were esteemed where she desired they should, she never depreciated those of any other that were esteemed or preferred elsewhere. For she aimed not at a general love or a general esteem where she was not known; it was
enough

enough to be possessed of both where-ever she was. Having lived to the age of sixty-two years; not courting regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving business, but discharging it fully where-ever duty or friendship engaged her in it; not following greatness, but not declining to pay respect, as far as was due from independency and disinterest; having honourably absolved all the parts of life, she forsook this world, where she had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone such acts are rewarded, on the 13th day of March 1742-3 *.

Mr. POPE to JAMES MOYSER of BEVERLY,
Esq;

DEAR SIR,

Bath, July 11, 1743.

I AM always glad to hear of you, and where I can I always inquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our friend's † is truly melancholy, added to the circumstance of his being detained (I fear, without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of seeing (what a good man most desires and best deserves to see to the last hour) his friends about him. The public news ‡ indeed gives every Englishman a reasonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one; nay, as a general joy to all nations where bloodshed and misery must have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of — prevailed.

I come now to answer your friend's question. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the character of the old Duke of Buckingham is untrue §. I do

* "The above character was written by Mr. Pope, some years before her Grace's death." So the printed edition.

† Mr. Bethel.

‡ The victory at Dettingen.

§ He says *the old Duke*, because he wrote a very fine epitaph for the son, vol. ii.

not remember ever to have seen it in MS. nor have I ever seen the pedigree he mentions otherwise than after the Duchess had printed it with the will, and sent one to me, as, I suppose, she did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it should be reported I writ that character, after a story which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourself only. There was another *character written of her Grace* by herself, (with what help, I know not); but she shewed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly, and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years. In the mean time, she showed this character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a composition of my own in her praise. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey*. Dear Sir, I sincerely wish you, and your whole family, (whose welfare is so closely connected), the best health and truest happiness; and am (as is also the master of this place)

Your, &c.

A LET.

A LETTER* TO A NOBLE LORD.

On occasion of some Libels written and propagated at Court, in the year 1733-3.

MY LORD,

Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordship's† epistle has been published some days, but I had not the pleasure and pain of seeing it till yesterday: pain, to think your Lordship should attack me at all; pleasure, to find that you can attack me so weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myself in every way but *one* your inferior, it seems but reasonable that I should take the only method either of self-defence or retaliation, that is left me, against a person of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generously (and modestly too, no doubt) mean to put yourself upon a level with me, I will as soon believe that your Lordship would give a wound to a man unarmed, as that you would deny me the use of it in my own defence.

I presume you will allow me to take the same liberty, in my answer to so *candid, polite, and ingenious* a nobleman, which your Lordship took in yours, to so

* This letter (which was printed in the year 1733) bears the same place in our author's prose that the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both apologetical, repelling the libellous slanders on his reputation: with this difference, that the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed against *Grub-street writers*; and this letter to the noble Lord, his enemy, against *court scribblers*. For the rest, they are both master-pieces in their kinds; *that* in verse, more grave, moral, and sublime; *this* in prose, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had most at heart, the vindication of his moral character; the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations; and the first thing he would expect from the good offices of a surviving friend.

† Intituled, *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, Aug. 28, 1733*, and printed the November following for J. Roberts. Fol.

grave, religious, and respectable a clergyman*. As you answered his *Latin* in *English*, permit me to answer your *verse* in *prose*. And though your Lordship's reasons for not writing in *Latin*, might be stronger than mine for not writing in *verse*, yet I may plead *two good ones* for this conduct: the one, that I want the talent of spinning *a thousand lines in a day* †, (which, I think, is as much *time* as this subject deserves); and the other, that I take your Lordship's *verse* to be as much *prose* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your Lordship holds in the *world*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I presume that distinction of style is but necessary, which you will see observed through this letter. When I speak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which fortune has made between you and myself: but when I speak of your *writings*, my Lord, I must, I can do nothing but trifle.

I should be obliged indeed to lessen this *respect*, if all the nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools ‡, if the privilege of Lords be to want brains §, if noblemen can hardly write or read ||, if all their business is but to dress and vote **, and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, be false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest ††.

Bless

Dr. S.

† And *Pope* with justice of such lines may say,
His Lordship spins a thousand in a day.

Epist. p. 6.

‡ That to good blood, by old prescriptive rules,
Gives right hereditary to be fools.

§ Nor wonder that my brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of lords.

|| And when you see me fairly write my name;
For *England's* sake wish all could do the same.

** Whilst all our bus'ness is to dress and vote.

†† Courts are only larger families,
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies.

Bless me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been said of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the nobility, at the stall of a well-fed prebendary?

Were it the mere *excess* of your Lordship's *wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might consider your Lordship on your *Pegasus*, as a sprightly hunter on a mettled horse; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently suffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *noble sport*. But should the case be quite otherwise, should your Lordship be only like a *boy* that is *run away with*; and run away with by a very *foal*; really common charity, as well as respect for a noble family, would oblige me to stop your career, and to *help you down from this Pegasus*.

Surely the little praise of a *writer* should be a thing below your ambition: you who are no sooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no sooner at school, but in the arms of the Muses; no sooner in the world, but you practised all the skill of it; no sooner in the court, but you possessed all the art of it! Unrivalled as you are, in making a figure, and in making a speech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a distich. And why this fondness for poetry? Prose admits of the two excellencies you most admire, diction and fiction; it admits of the talents you chiefly possess, a most fertile invention, and most florid expression; it is with prose, nay, the plainest prose, that you best could teach our nobility to vote, which you justly observe, is half at least of their business*; and give me leave to prophesy, it is to your talent in prose, and not in verse, to your speaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordship must owe your future figure in the world.

—in private satirize, in public flatter.

Few to each other, all to one point true;

Which one I shan't, nor need explain. Adieu.

p. ult.

* All their business is to dress, and vote.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of some profession of friendship from you: whatever was his *real share* in it, whether small or great; yet as your Lordship could never have had the least *loss* by continuing it, or the least *interest* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of losing it, I fear, must have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deserved to forfeit it in such a degree, he protests he is to this day guiltless and ignorant. It could at most be but a fault of *omission*; but indeed by omissions, men of your Lordship's uncommon merit may sometimes think themselves so injured, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, though very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of * *Horace* had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly* †; a *pinch*, or a *spy* at court, a *sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c. that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greatest in the world, *the malice of ill people to themselves*.

Your Lordship so well knows, (and the whole court and town through your means so well know), how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *nature* of the *libel* ‡ you propagated against me, but in the extraordinary *manner, place,* and presence in which it was propagated ||; that I

* The first satire of the second book; printed in 1732, vol. iii.

† He should have added, that he called this nobleman who scribbled so carelessly, *Lord Fanny*.

‡ *Verses to the imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts, 1732, fol.

|| It was for this reason that this letter, as soon as it was printed, was communicated to the Q.

shall only say, it seemed to me to exceed the bounds of justice, common sense, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordship there is a *natural*, a *just*, and a *well-grounded esteem*), could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that lady till after I was the *author* of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me*; and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleased since to profess. But surely, my Lord, one may say, neither the revenge, nor the language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence; the appellations of † *foe to human kind*, an *enemy* like the *Devil* to all that have *being*; *ungrateful*, *unjust*, deserving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*; a *monster*, an *assassin*, whose conversation every man ought to *shun*, and against whom *all doors* should be shut: I beseech you, my Lord, had you the least right to give, or to encourage or justify any other in giving such language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more strong or more atrocious, if, during my acquaintance with you, I had been a *betray*er, a *backbiter*, a *whisperer*, an *eaves-dropper*, or an *inform*er? Did I in all that time ever throw a *false dye*, or palm a *soul card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *steal*, or accept, either *money*, *wit*,

* Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit;

And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit.

See the letter to Dr. Arbuthnot amongst the variations, vol. ii.

† See the aforesaid *Verses to the imitator of Horace*.

or *advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *ballad, satire, pamphlet, or epigram*, on any person *living or dead*? Did I ever do you so great an *injury* as to put off *my own verses* for *yours*, especially on *these persons* whom they might *most offend*? I am confident you cannot answer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation, I have not published or written one syllable of, or to either of you; never hatched your *names* in a *verse*, or tristed with your *good names* in *company*. Can I be honestly charged with any other crime but an *omission* (for the word *neglect*, which I used before, slipped my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and still to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am persuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all justice to the contrary *beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am short, not well shaped, generally ill-dressed, if not sometimes dirty: your Lordship and Ladyship are still in bloom; your figures such, as rival the *Apollo of Belvedere*, and the *Venus of Medicis*; and your faces so finished, that neither sickness nor passion can deprive them of *colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the finest that ever *man* was blessed with. Preserve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a critic, would cost it too many *frowns*, and to be a statesman, too many *wrinkles*! I further confess, I am now somewhat old; but so your Lordship, and this excellent lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your genius and hers so perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by consequence in the attempt of all such as myself. You have both, in my regard, been like—(your Lordship, I know, loves a *simile*, and it will be one suitable to your *quality*)—you have been like *two princes*, and I like a *poor animal* sacrificed between them to cement a lasting league. I hope I have not bled in
vain;

vain; but that such an amity may endure for ever! For though it be what common *understandings* would hardly conceive, two *wits* however may be persuaded, that it is in friendship as in enmity; The more *danger*, the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *verses* on the *imitator* of *Horace*? They regarded nothing but my *figure*, which I set no value upon; and my *morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious, that it is out of the power of the *wittiest*, nay, the *greatest person* in the kingdom, to lessen him *that way*, but at the expence of his own *truth*, *honour*, or *justice*.

But though I declined to explain myself just at the time when I was fillily threatened, I shall now give your Lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of *Fannius*, a real person, who was a foolish critic, and an enemy of *Horace*; perhaps a noble one, for so (if your Latin be gone in earnest *) I must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed,

Beatus Fannius! ultro

Delatis capsis et imagine.

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *poetry* and his *person*, which appears by the pictures and *statues* he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad verses* at court, and get them admitted into the library of *Augustus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and constant at the assemblies and operas of those days, where he took it in his head to *slander poor Horace*,

Ineptus

Fannius, Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli;

* All I learn'd from Dr. *Freind* at school,
Has quite deserted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native English in its stead. *Epist. p. 2.*

till

till it provoked him at last just to name him, give him a *lash*, and send him whimpering to the ladies.

Discipularem inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *spins*, (as Dr. *Freind* or even Dr. *Sherwin* could assure you), was the literal translation of *deduci*; a metaphor taken from a *silk-worm*, my Lord, to signify any *slight*, *filken*, (or as your Lordship and the Ladies call it), *simpy* * piece of work. I presume your Lordship has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *personal* but to that *Fannius*, who (with all his fine accomplishments) had never been heard of, but for that *Horace* he injured.

In regard to the Right Honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho*; a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never applied that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private*: and (I firmly believe) not in any *letter* or *conversation*. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs, I pity still more.—God forbid the court or town should have the complaisance to join in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sapphos*, as imitate much more the *lewdness* than the *genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the *name* and the *qualification* there mentioned†.

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a *lady's*, (on the printer's word in the title-page), and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *sex* in *altercation*; for I never was so mean a creature as

* Weak texture of his *simpy* brain, p. 6.

† From furious *Sappho* scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Sat. i. b. ii. Hor.

to commit my anger against a *lady to paper*, though but in a *private letter*. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of *real honour and truth*. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had *two fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) *two mothers*; indeed I think *both sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *witty fornication*: and if I call it *yours*, my Lord, it is only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the *ignoble poet*, and his *noble enemies*.—What he has written of *Fanny, Adonis, Sappho*, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: what they have *published* of him, they have denied to have *written*; and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *published*. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present. For though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my Lord, this epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at *full leisure* at Hampton-court, and I the object *singled*, like a *deer out of season*, for so ill-timed, and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate work*, directed to a *reverend person**, of the most *serious* and *sacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *strict correspondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your *secret sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord; with submission; could not but awaken all my *reflection* and *attention*.—Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you

* Dr. S.

must be content to share it with the *gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent and ingenious men*. If your Lordship destroys my *poetical* character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my *moral* character be ruined, it must be *wholly* the work of your Lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself* co-operate.

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all Pope's works as so many *libels*, affirm, that *he has no invention but in defamation**, and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name†*? Fie, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odyssey*. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despised to look upon the *translation*; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added, that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the case*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship: I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *some writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high; and that I have neither *placé, pension, nor power* to reward for *secret services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *envy* to such an author as I: but were that *possible*, it were much better gratified by employing *not your own*, but *some of those low and ignoble pens* to do this *mean office*. I dare engage you will have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not

* to his eternal shame,

Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

† And sold Broom's labours printed with Pope's name.

p. 7.

raised.

raised the market: let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses as these of your Lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the same? nay, has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother: that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *Maker*, who fashioneth his vessels as he pleaseth, and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they are made for honour or dishonour. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *obscurity of my birth**, (a reflection copied also from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren), I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your Lordship's: but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no mechanic, (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a cobbler), but, in truth, of a very tolerable family; and my mother of an ancient

* Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.

one, as well born and educated as that *lady* whom your Lordship made choice of to be the *mother of your own children*; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity), will be a *better present* than even the noble blood they derive *only from you*. A mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she *spoiled me**. And a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me that he *disapproved my conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a *blush*: and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a *tear*.

I have purposely omitted to consider your Lordship's criticisms on my *poetry*. As they are exactly the same with those of the *forementioned authors*, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more distinction to the *same things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular respect*, to observe how much they are honoured by *your imitation of them*, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at *school*, (though I make it no *vanity* to have forgot where), that *Tully* naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your Lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their *assertions*, but their *style*. For example, *A flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour—a dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expence—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so wit unpruned is but raw fruit. —While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, the weight on Sir R. W——'s brain. You can never receive from no head more than such a head (as*

* A noble father's heir spoil'd by his mother.

His Lordship's account of himself, p. 7.

no head) *has to give* : your Lordship would have said *never* instead of *ever*, and *any head* instead of *no head* : but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

You are merry, my Lord, when you say *Latin* and *Greek*

*Have quite deserted your poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native English in their stead ;*

for (to do you justice) this is nothing less than *plain English*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I cannot conceive why you should give it that name ; for by some papers * I have seen signed with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordship's.

Your Lordship seems determined to fall out with every thing you have learned at school ; you complain next of a *dull dictionary*,

*That gives us nothing at its own expence,
But a few modern words for ancient sense.*

Your Lordship is the first man that ever carried the love of wit so far, as to expect a *witty dictionary*. A dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, must not only be an *expensive*, but a very *extravagant dictionary* †. But what does your Lordship mean by its giving us but a *few modern words for ancient sense*? If by *sense* (as I suspect) you mean *words*, (*a mistake not unusual*), I must do the dictionary the justice to say, that it gives us *just as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a *bad grammar*, than of a *dull dictionary*.

Doctor Freind, I dare answer for him, never taught you to talk

Of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic odes.

* See some treatises printed in the appendix to the Craftsman, about that time.

† Yet we have seen many of these *extravagant dictionaries*, and are likely to see many more, in an age so abounding in science, that the ordinary vehicles of it prove insufficient to distribute it abroad.

Your Lordship might as well bid your present tutor, your tailor, make you a *coat, suit of clothes, and breeches*; for you must have forgot your logic, as well as grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric; that being the *genus* and those the *species*.

*For all cannot invent who can translate,
No more than those who clothe us, can create.*

Here your Lordship seems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have translations, *originals*? for it is the common opinion, that the *business* of a translator is to *translate*, and not to *invent*, and of a tailor to *clothe*, and not to *create*. But why should you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuse a tailor? not to say *blaspheme* him; if he can (as some think) at least go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *beau*.— Might not Dr. Sherwin rebuke you for this, and bid you *remember your Creator in the days of your youth*?

From a *tailor*, your Lordship proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *silk-man*.

*Thus P—pe we find,
The gaudy Hinchcliff of a beauteous mind.*

Here too is some ambiguity. Does your Lordship use *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name*? or as the ladies say a *hinchcliff* or a *colmar*, for a *silk* or a *fan*? I will venture to affirm, no critic can have a perfect taste of your Lordship's works, who does not understand both your *male phrase* and your *female phrase*.

Your Lordship, to finish your climax, advances up to a *hatter*; a mechanic, whose employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but to *dress their brains**. A most useful mechanic indeed! I cannot help wishing to have

* For this mechanic's, like the hatter's pains,
Are but for dressing other people's brains.

been one, for some people's sake. But this too may be only another *lady-phrafe*: your Lordship and the ladies may take a *head-dress* for a *head*, and understand, that to *adorn the head* is the same thing as to *dress the brains*.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordship for this high panegyric: for if I have but *dressed up Homer*, as your *tailor, silk-man*, and *batter* have *equipped your Lordship*, I must be owned to have dressed him *marvellously indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admired by the ladies* *.

After all, my Lord, I really wish you would learn your *grammar*. What if you put yourself a while under the tuition of your friend *W—m*? May not I with all respect say to you, what was said to another noble poet by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr. Howard †, if you did read your grammar, what harm would it do you?* You yourself with all Lords would *learn to write ‡*, though I do not see of what use it could be, if their whole business is to *give their votes ¶*; it could only be serviceable in *signing their protests*. Yet surely this small portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordship, without any breach of that *privilege §* you so generously assert to all those of your rank, or too great an infringement of that *right*** which you claim as *hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your noble father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no man was ever so bent upon deprecatating himself!

All your readers have observed the following lines:

* By girls admired, p. 6.

† The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard; celebrated for his poetry.

‡ And when you see me fairly write my name,
For England's sake with all Lords did the same.

¶ —all our business is to dress and vote, p. 4.

§ The want of brains, *ib.*

** To be fools, *ib.*

*How oft we hear some willing pert and dull,
By fashion coxcomb, and by nature fool,
With backney maxims, in dogmatic strain,
Scoffing religion and the marriage-chain?
Then from his common-place-book he repeats,
The lawyers all are rogues, and parsons cheats,
That vice and virtue's nothing but a jest,
And all morality deceit well dress'd;
That life itself is like a wrangling game, &c.*

The whole town and court (my good Lord) have heard *this* willing, who is so much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I will engage *they all name the same person*. But to hear you say that this is only—*of whipt cream a frothy store*, is a sufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with so humble an opinion both of himself and his own wit, as your Lordship: for I do assure you, these are by much the best verses in your whole poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a person of your Lordship's *modesty* and *virtue*, who manifests so tender a regard to *religion*, *matrimony*, and *morality*; who, though an ornament to the court, cultivate an exemplary correspondence with the *clergy*; nay, who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of writers; (so far as to cast a few *conceits*, or drop a few *antitheses* even among the *dear joys* of the *Courant*); that you, I say, should look upon me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *annihilated* by your anger: for in these verses you have robbed me of *all power to think**, and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *man*! Nay, to show that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us, that before I wrote my *last epistles*, (that is, before I unluckily mentioned *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's relations), *I might have lived and died in glory*†.

* *P—e*, who ne'er could think, p. 7.

† In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd, *ib.*

What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Though, you observe, I am a mere *imitator* of *Homer, Horace, Boileau, Garth, &c.* (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were *imitators of one another*), yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate *your Lordship*? May it not be one step towards an accommodation, that, while you remark my *ignorance in Greek*, you are so good as to say, you have *forgot your own*? What if I should confess I translated from *D'Acier*? That surely could not but oblige your Lordship, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned languages. But allowing that, in the space of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek*, as your Lordship did in *two* at the university, why may I not forget it again as happily?

Till such a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to intreat of your Lordship. It is, that you will not decide of my *principles* on the same grounds as you have done of my *learning*; nor give the same account of my *want of grace*, after you have lost all acquaintance with my *person*, as you do of my *want of Greek*, after you have confessedly lost all acquaintance with the *language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite so far, as to seek my *utter perdition*; as *Nero* once did *Lucan's*, merely for presuming to be a *poet*, while one of so much greater quality was a *writer*. I therefore make this humble request to your Lordship, that the next time you please to *write of me, speak of me, or even whisper of me**, you will recollect it is full *eight years* since I had the honour of *any conversation or correspondence* with your Lordship, except *just half an hour* in a lady's lodgings at court, and then I had the happiness of her being present all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordship's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *principles, parties, or sentiments, moral,*

* The *whisper*, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear.

Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot; vol. ii.

political, or theological, I may have been converted, or perverted in all that time. I beseech your Lordship to consider the injury a man of your *high rank and credit* may do to a *private person* under *penal laws* and many other disadvantages, not for want of *honesty* or *conscience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart* *. It is by *these alone* I have hitherto lived excluded from all *posts* of *profit* or *trust*: as I can interfere with the *views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *praise*, or the common encouragement due, if not to my *genius*, at least to my *industry*.

Above all, your Lordship will be careful not to wrong my *moral character* with THOSE† under whose *protection* I live, and through whose *lenity* alone I can live with comfort. Your Lordship, I am confident, upon consideration, will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR *perusal*, and strengthened by the weight of your approbation, a *libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and scandalous in those on my *honour* and *integrity*; wherein I am represented as “an enemy to human race, a murderer of reputations, and a monster marked by God like *Cain*, deserving to wander accursed through the world.”

A strange picture of a man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends who will be always remembered as the first ornaments of their age and country, and no enemies that ever contrived to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordship; a man, who never wrote a line in which the *religion* or *government* of his country, the *Royal Family*, or their *ministry*, were disrespectfully mentioned; the animosity of any one party gratified at the expence of another; or any censure passed, but upon *known vice*, *acknowledged folly*, or *aggressing impertinence*. It is with infinite pleasure he finds, that *some men*, who seem *ashamed* and *afraid* of

* See letter to Bishop Atterbury, let. iv.

† The K. and Q.

nothing else, are so very sensible of *his ridicule* : and it is for that very reason he resolves, (by the grace of God, and your Lordship's good leave),

That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave

Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

This, he thinks, is rendering the best service he can to the public, and even to the good government of his country ; and for this, at least, he may deserve some countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordship knows OF WHOM I speak. Their NAMES I should be as sorry, and as much ashamed, to place near *yours*, on such an occasion, as I should be to see *you*, my Lord, placed so near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make so ill an use of their ear *, as to asperse or misrepresent any one innocent man.

This is all I shall ever ask of your Lordship, except your pardon for this tedious letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *respect* and *concern*,

My LORD,

Your truly devoted servant,

A. POPE.

* Close at the ear of Eve. *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, vol. i.

LET.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, &c.

From the Year 1713, to 1737.

L E T T E R I.

MR. POPE to Dr. SWIFT*.

SIR,

Binfield, Dec. 8, 1713.

NOT to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you; your desire that I would write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure, no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. It is almost as many pieces of gold, as an apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of Homer. And, to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the mi-

* This letter was wrote by Mr. Pope in answer to one from Dr. Swift, wherein he had jocosely made an offer to his friend of a sum of money, *ex causa religionis*, or, in plain English, to induce Mr. Pope to change his religion.—It was never inserted in any former edition of Pope's Works.

nistry to rise to the same sum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thousand pounds a-year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the church of England, than twenty heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. DEAN, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows. First, That as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the Queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points. But there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own: and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above-mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The ex-
pence

pence will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundred of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than an hundred.

L'Estrange being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.

There is one *** who will die within these few months, with **** one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above, and earth below; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and
leave

leave to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean is Dr. Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Mons. de Montagne has assured me, "That the person who receives a benefit obliges the 'giver:'" for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal.—At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already: and for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

His most faithful, affectionate,

humble servant,

A. POPE.

I have finished the *Rape of the Lock*: but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hindrance of business.

LET.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is very useful, as well as amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told farther, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat*: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting

* Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state-treatise from your retirement; and a wit, who affects to imitate Balfac, says, that the ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus*. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay without all the acknowledgements which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter, which I fear

* This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope), was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus; of which only some detached parts and fragments were done, such as the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatise of the Profund*, the *literal criticism on Virgil*, &c.

you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

MY Lord Bishop of Clogher* gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent; and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.* Do you imagine I can be easy when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the first of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop (mine is not yet landed), and I read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your

* Dr. St. George Ash, formerly a fellow of Trinity-College, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a pupil), afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the See of Derry in 1716-17.

end in profit and reputation: yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.

God be thanked I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine: my amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir, *Perditur hæc inter misero-lux*. I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I CANNOT suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less * and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world; whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A Protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant; whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the cardinalet, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David, (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one † in my name). This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie ‡, wherein if I can do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in.

* Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner.

† In Curl's collection.

‡ One who made a noise then, as Count Bonneval has done since.

FROM DR. SWIFT, &c. TO

If it should happen hereafter, that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way, which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

August 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able

to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you, and the world, and posterity, will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do grace.—You sleep less and drink more—But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus*: and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, “Who dictates to me slumbering*,” &c.

You are an ill Catholic, or a worse geographer; for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal, even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose fame I have forgot; tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper doth not shew you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one. However, I will grant, that one thorough bookselling-rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his contemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curl, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although rats-bane would not. I never saw the thing

* Milton.

you mention as falsely imputed to you ; but I think the frolics of merry-hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country ; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian ; whereas we will make it appear, to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town, who writes verses to his mistress not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject ; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted ; and that a porter, footman, or † chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral among the whores and thieves there ?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me won-

* Gay wrote a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works.

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, intitled, *Dermot and Steelah*.

derfully ;

derfully; for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which I have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER VI*.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs, upon whose decision, about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot easily forget it), that, about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long that the Queen died, and I recalled my

* This letter Mr. Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever sent.

copy, which hath ever since been in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent Princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party-zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me*: but, as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting† into order by one sheet at a time; for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house), but to preserve them from being lost amongst messengers and clerks.

I have written, in this kingdom, a ‡ discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gen-

* Historiographer.

† These papers were never published, though said to be yet in being. Swift is reported to have said, that it was the best work he had ever written.—They are now published in 8vo, 4to, and 12mo.

‡ A proposal for the use of Irish manufactures.

tllemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm: he sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing, at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail: after his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry; the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of G—ft—on the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *Noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and
low

low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for several years past, upon account of the public as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South-sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some hath intitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called a *Dedication upon Dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend or take advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound

found in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordship: he knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele; although I freely confess that his Lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve: it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pani,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.*

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times an usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve: which I do not say with any view towards making

my

my court: for the new principles* fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level; and, I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain), and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison and the others I named (except Mr. Steele) during all my Lord Oxford's ministry; and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Sommers† or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions,

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them, by their enemies, of an intention to proscribe the Tories.

† Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr. Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland, in the year 1709.

any party virulence*, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late Majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it hath not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that whiggish or fanatical genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the fourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands, and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end: for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

* The *Examiners* were not then published among the Dean's works.

You

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and, secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people: for necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar, right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heartburning and discontent among the meaner people, which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any State.

As to what is called a *revolution-principle*, my opinion was this; That whenever those evils, which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery, and because I conceived, that a prince, who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects: although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create,

for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution, which made them annual: and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not, that, while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty? which traffic would neither answer the design nor expence, if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics, (now about thirty years old), of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed: for I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit, and South-sea projects, would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended; neither do I think this practice hath made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued, and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince: in the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent sufferer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true, the Romans had a custom of chusing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates

magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension: for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But, when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had, relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: what they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor; for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which, it seems, had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by

the virulence of libellers, whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me; which I never maintained; and insipid productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And, if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

LETTER VII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected, when I opened it, to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships; and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which, however, is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough,

enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you; but I have been stopped by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune hath condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it. The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always, *Et tibi quos mihi dempsit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt

anti-

anti-chambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin, by the dedication of your eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my case, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them, (as the parsons phrase it), things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-mens friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one-half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodgeth in your house, to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable: you may dine twice a-week at the Deanry-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or, if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest, and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here: would to God they would send us as good ones from your side.

I am ever, &c.

L. E. T.

LETTER VIII.

MR. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I FIND a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content with writing less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given*) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley may look upon me as once entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived,

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester*. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow, (whom I now lodge with); he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general†: and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions, A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surpris'd at any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practis'd by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the

* Dr. Atterbury.

† This Mr. Walsb seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, he says:—"When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton shewed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain; [Lord Peterborow]. I told him, I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home; for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shewed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business."

old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with), and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use, the freedom of friendship with men, much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

LET.

LETTER IX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals! You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgements at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself, (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity), was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me, and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes, (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage

mitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and, if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged, that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there was never any such monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it, which you promised to finish, appears*.

I am under no apprehension, that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is, that I fell so late into this course of life: my philosophy grows confirmed by habit; and, if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of

* See the first note on letter 6th above.

surprise: in driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it: I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long novicate of acquaintance should, methinks, precede them: my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them, and a friend, who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town, (which will be in a few days), I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but, in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword cutler's shop in Germany, but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu,
dear

dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely ;
make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

L E T T E R X.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer-expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love ; for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which, if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement ; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your favourites so indifferently among either party ; this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do ; for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have

no more to do with the constitution of church and state, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me*: I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least: and should do the same to my fellow prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which, however, I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries; and, if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus: but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find; and, whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take

* Yet they are Christian notions.

up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence: *Hæc est vita solutorum*, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet, when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.—I think there are no more *eodem tertio*'s between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, &c.

L E T T E R X I.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you,

with which (after all) I sit down a gainer; since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or other's hearts with busy vanities, (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man), but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels * I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own territories †. I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself; you will be pleased with one another, I will engage, though you do not hear one another; you will converse like spirits by intuition. What you will most wonder at, is, she is considerable at court, yet no party-woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention, (and I dare say always will remember), Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels, which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him), he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) such advice as might

* Gulliver.

† The Essay on Man.

cure your deafness; but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grand monde, for fear of burying my parts; to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my * Travels, in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions: but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented, that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. For instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love counsellor Such-

* Gulliver's Travels.

a-one, and Judge Such-a-one. It is so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scots, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called *man*, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, (but do not tell), and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honest men are of my opinion. By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your *Odysey* was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three fourths the less, for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica*.

I have almost done with Harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy; for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady: Fortune is both blind, and deaf, and a court-lady; but then she is a most damnable party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description.

description. I am glad she visits you; but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness; which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years, and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But however he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer; and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never succeed at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country-gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left? I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it; but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am just told is in some of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has

so much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty); but I wonder he has no more discretion.

LETTER XIII.

O^r. 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them, and are getting into our vortex. Here is one, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world; every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man; for he has a good conscience into the bargain, (which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal). I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age: for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason; if they do not promote him, they will spoil the conclusion of one of my satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

But

*But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
In —'s reign these fruitless lines were writ,
When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for wit!*

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, (and generally by Tories too). Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift: in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall. Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved, without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I will not tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles) till I see you here, face

to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours, and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one: for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill; but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu. —What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health; Duke Disney so also; Sir William Wyndham better; Lord Bathurst well. These and some others preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d—d, what is it to a protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold, to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to them, with proper definitions of each in this manner,

*The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:*

The

*The Christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.*

L E T T E R XIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder, and the relics of it, had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right; but I mean well, and I hate blots. I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke, that I wish he were banished again; for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth: which I immediately acknowledged; but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea. I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be over-run with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety; and it need not be a large building, only I

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would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancellor*, whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me; but the best is that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies.—You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of Milleniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care, that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age: for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the thē—ty-eighth year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind: It is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed. I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with — than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character

character in him *: however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again, without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R X V.

Dec. 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction. Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion, which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump in the notion, that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this,

* This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart.

that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly, like Chelsea, with maimed foldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those, that, out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great; my spleen is at the little rogues of it. It would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot, than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppressors, they are like kites or eagles: one expects mischief from them: but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by apothecaries' apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph——s himself.

So much for enemies: now for friends. Mr. L— thinks all this indiscreet: the Doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling. When he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal: *if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a divine*. Gay is writing tales for Prince William. I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill for two reasons; one, that he thinks all childish things belong to him; and the other, because he will take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add, but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you, and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it? None more, be assured, than

Yours, &c.

P. S. Pope

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers. If you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect, that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble *, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people; and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one, *animal rationale*, will not bear examination. Define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this. Make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c. B.

L E T T E R XVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands, than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those fots who

* Seneca.

are carried dead-drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can; and, when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you. This I intend to return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you; the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life; for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely yours.

LETTER XVII.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished; and, when I came home, found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you. Habitue itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides, my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent. I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you
to

to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanry or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since, with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat impedes*, was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far forever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: and, had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did; for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanry of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I will drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My
mother's

mother's age gives me authority to hope it for your's.
Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

Sept. 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me, (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir —, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it, or you. I cannot help thinking, (when I consider the whole short list of our friends), that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: another is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air, and she that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too
great

great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power: perhaps it is a mistake; but however there is something in it generous. Mr. ** takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for, if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Where-ever you are, (on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

*Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aquoris—)*

I am, and ever shall be, yours, &c.

LET.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search of particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord ——— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man*. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in

* It is no wonder a man of worth should condemn a satire on his species, as it injures virtue, and violates truth; and as little, that a corrupt man should approve it, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice.

careless

caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in
the

the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The Princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you, is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others*, like useless dependents, who only take up

* This was occasioned by a bad accident, as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which, in passing a bridge, was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning; when the postilion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass, which lay uppermost, to pieces; a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously.

room, and never are active or assistant to our wants. I shall never be much the better for them.—I congratulate you upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end; and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections, (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them): so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England; so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr. P. by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid any honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate towards you. Do not fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon; for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. H—'s, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages, which appear to be patched and altered*, and the style of a different sort, (unless I am much mistaken). Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least†; others, you tell me, the

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the late edition printed for A. Donaldson.

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the *Royal Society*.

flying

flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that, in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journies very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the Archbishop, in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars; by which I shall make one happy man; and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he resolved to be hanged; only desired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotsman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that, if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent; because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not threepence whether a prince or minister will see us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be

be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call Thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad criticisms to be intitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *miræ poemata*! the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine: but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis*.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume; in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and

merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses; but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There is no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all of making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the Elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write; and yet if you were with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose; but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubbubdrib, with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (though as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health,
 he

he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them; for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Oct. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might

might occasion your so sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better; and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours. We are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state: but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there; but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXV.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or
dead

dead to whom I am so much obliged ; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state ; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy ; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together ; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me ; you could refuse to see any body ; and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us ; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither ; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs ; to which, however, I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts ; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment ; though he does not deserve it like you,
having,

having been too lavish of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det. salutem, det. opes; animam equam tibi ipse parabis*. You see Horace wished for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court, till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

October 30, 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay: but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanry, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a swift horse, or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness, than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that, in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear, that you have taught me to dream; which I had not done in twelve years, farther than by inexpressible nonsense: but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other

et

et cetera's; and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking of you, is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health: in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers, *I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart*. I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds: for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider, that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride. Witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person to Chester to take care of you; and you shall be
used

used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic; and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers; but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her; for I am sure she is a good Christian, (and which is almost as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 22, 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed; so that I am in a blessed condition.

You

remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly.—I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same. It will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we live in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits,

*Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.*

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should

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hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated; and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the oldest man may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper.—I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the reader to make it succeed, because you are ill-used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant. First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured. Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.

Now, why does not Pope publish his dulness*? The rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward.—Pray inquire how my Lord St. John does? there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.—I wonder whe-

* The Dunciad.

ther you begin to taste the pleasure of independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto*? Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence; a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the Lord Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Lockit and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds, that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers——

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age, and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is

a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the school-boys at Westminster, and university-lads adore you at this juncture! have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir ——— the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoleed with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever: and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's *Dulness* knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole; and so adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POPE charges himself with this letter. He has been here two days; he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more; and before the end of the week, he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his *Dulness** grows and flourishes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice, to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

* The Dunciad.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness, which carried you so suddenly from us, (if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin). Dear Swift take care of your health. I will give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or, which is better, *à la Bruyere*. *Nourir bien votre corps : ne le fatiguer jamais : laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutile, voire outil dangereux : laisser sonner vos cloches le matin, pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux songes : lever vous tard, et aller à l'église, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeuné.* As to myself, (a person about whom I concern myself very little), I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth, (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at least of you. I love you for a thousand things; for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but, as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British Journalist; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry. The former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majesty's waterman), that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely,

to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

L E T T E R X X X.

March 23, 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England, wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the same of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child, so lately christened, could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply, (to solve the riddle), that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds: he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said; for ambitious, false, or flattering people, to domineer in. Nay, they would not, by their goodwill, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest
of

of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *the Dunciad*), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you, when you read the treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) *in consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution, too, has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother, or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the return of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me, in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that, though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be, that you are bet-

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ter or easier, next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myself),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

*Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade;*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but, however, if it silence these fellows *, it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shewn the New England newspaper with the two names, *Jonathan Gulliver*; and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes of one *Lemuel Gulliver*, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which, in things of great importance, would have been

* It did in a little time effectually silence them.

matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant* tells me, it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind, both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*quanquam O!*); and for England I despair: and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probable produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune; you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper †, who hath been my W—lp—le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough,

* Lord Carteret.

† Mrs. Brent.

yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this *Dunciad*; but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*;—there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's Opera hath done its task; *discedit uti conviva satur*.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I LOOK upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another. Only he and I are a little subject to schemes; and one of us (I will not say which) upon very weak appearances; and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in seven years: for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better; whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister.—Your long letter

ter was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad; which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a *Lutrin* writ upon the tricks used by my chapter to tease me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind. I have formerly described them to you; but, when you come you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own. If I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constrain. The *Dunciad* has taken wind here; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of ease and liberty? so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

LET.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate, between yourself and me; though he says, that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200l. to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.—Now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me assure you, he would be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself. There, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong. And
he

he says further, if you could bear as a great fall, and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Præme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum*, and notes *variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best *, whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals. I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man. I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

From DR. SWIFT.

July 16, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition, (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed, that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even these who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as

* Dr. Swift did so.

they are called) referred to the author they imitate.— When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion saw so much good satire, and more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin, I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again, I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of this excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances?

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrier-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life, is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate your self-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money. Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness

ness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face, under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher—and Gay is a slave by just two thousand pounds too little.—And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.—

L E T T E R XXXV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I HAVE passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or physicians for themselves, and zealots, or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit; but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved, by an assurance that you are still at Sir A——'s planting and building: two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude, (though I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either

made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them: it is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and, I believe, if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say any thing farther how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities; and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of princes, are generally as ill related as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I LIVED very easily in the country. Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong.— With that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth, by way of libels on my Lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants, and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord-Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom; and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted

with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious humoured physician*, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat: he offends nobody, is easy with every body. Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A—, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper; and yet I cannot say I love it; for I do not love my Lord —, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera †, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I; who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust. I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that

* Dr. Hellsam.

† Folly.

it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the boards out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death; but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits: and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends; for all are spurious except one paper*, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant. But I believe in your time, you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the H. of C—s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L—s to throw it out: because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this, we are told, hath been the case in the qualification-bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no

* Intituled, *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.*

bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe; and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for the want of better game. *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim, &c.*—The d— take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mihi prateritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? have you not bad weather for the spring-corn? has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John*? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—I built a wall five years ago; and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment. But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the best; and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition; which must needs please you, since

* Lord St. John of Battersea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do. I know he desires it very much: and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of economy, than that it is the parent of liberty and ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends, otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters.

letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at picquet for sixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose: and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at back-gammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London: yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who, I thought when he was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health: but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past; and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of
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all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral; and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtue always in the world; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimbleful in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit; by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat; mix water with my wine; walk ten miles a-day; and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus. I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that, when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you, who are so much younger, although you want
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that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the complements of Gravius and Gro-novius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because, whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters; because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse; which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible, that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires; which, however, I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it; and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope, (if she be still alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will in-

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fallibly

fallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is, that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased to 100*l.* a-year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice, though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, (or rather to be surer of his rents). But I am not half so moderate as you; for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 300*l.* and live on the interest, without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dextrous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.

LET.

L E T T E R XL.

Oct. 9, 1729.

IT pleases me, that you received my books at last ; but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of one, were the friends or enemies of the other. If in any particular any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions, now coming out here, may have it rectified. You will find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapier's Hill is to emulate Parnassus. I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100*l.* a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it : she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself. But a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs. I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100*l.* a-year. Do not be angry : I will not live to be very old ; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when

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I have

I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Doctor is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know. Mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*—Poor Mrs. ** is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of; yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But, after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you, that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

FROM DR. SWIFT, &c. 185

L E T T E R XLI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Brussels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I HAVE brought your French acquaintance* thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes, that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be intitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call it*, than a *farce*? Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Balordo, the prototype of your hero.—I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death: enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England, but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne does something like it in one of his rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I will shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced re-

* Lady Bolingbroke.

trenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows, that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending, without anxiety, two or three stages more. In short, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob, of the world). Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his *exit*, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end, and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further: you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of
immortality

immortality you turn other heads besides your own: I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various, and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this passion, or this direction of self-love, in to your aid. *Tacitus* has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ, contemni virtutes*. But now, whether we consider fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of public and private life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of; methinks, our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us. Towards our *exit*, this scene of action is or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame, the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on to old age; but, when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: you are building, it seems, on a piece of land, you have acquired for that purpose, in some
county

county of Ireland *. Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you. She is faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half-angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *Ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*. How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the

* In the county of Armagh, called *Draper's Hill*.

other * never was: yet, if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for, I declare yours was *unie*; and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wishes it too; and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.—I was † forty-seven years old when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation;—only I grieve like an alderman, that you are not so rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you; and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and, as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the

* Lord Oxford.

† The year of Queen Anne's death.

Deanry?

Deanry? I could almost wish the experiment were tried.—No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba, ignava opera*; I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles, which you advised me to, will tell me that I can live on 5*l.* a-year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to); but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate*.—My Lord, what I would have said of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*; I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times, is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

L E T T E R XLIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us.

As

As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it ; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build ; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole island ; for we return thrice as much to our absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone ; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition : and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100*l. per annum* is for your life, as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you ; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B— about the *figure of living, and the pleasure of giving*. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am : but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability ; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now as a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L— C—, who doth his duty of a good governor in enslaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

L E T.

LETTER XLIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your prospect of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoue, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*), begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a-year as well as with 5000*l.*: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate.

estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you. No matter: for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original*. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness; it flatters my judgment, who always thought, that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XLV.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit†. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writ-

* Essay on Man.

† He used to value himself on this particular.

er; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You cannot imagine what a vanity it is to me to have something to rebuke you for in the way of economy. I love the man that builds the house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment; but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another*, whose concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo* — &c.

The second, (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. — The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c. for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present, she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the S. Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he can never ex-

* His mother's.

pect any favour*, his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland, make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease for your love of Old England.—It is very possible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life, since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me. The natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together; I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherley; some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours†. I do not much approve of it, though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral, but merely dull, (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office, please to

* He was mistaken in this. Mr. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742.

† See the occasion in the second and third paragraphs of the preface to Pope's letters, in vol. iv.

take a copy of it). I admire, on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together.—I will fully represent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is. But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you for complaining to Mr. ** of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole), that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money, and therefore would never have accepted it. But give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution; I believe, as sincere a wellwisher to it, nay, even to the church established, as any minister in or out of employment whatever, or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic: so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchinson, in that place, to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

L E T T E R XLVI.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but to recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: moreover, he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *honest*. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his Commentary on Job, among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among such as are believers, or readers, of Scripture; even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But, since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think, that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together.—Pliny writ his letters for the public; so did Seneca, so did

Balfac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not; and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber.—I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will, and little power, produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to Heaven alone, and heavenly men.—I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman*, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few weeks), I shall nurse her in this farm† with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship where-ever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

* Lady Bolingbroke.

† Lord Bolingbroke's seat at Dawley in Middlesex.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and, as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and, though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples, which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil; yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison à specific.—Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind, I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers, keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons. National corruption must be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

L E T.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life: let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning. I recal the time, (and am glad it is over,) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes,

schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself; but I must tell you, how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here; and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak. The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes; but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike; because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached, than to life itself.—You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *munuscula*, that stoical sop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt; her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent; and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which
are

are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now, too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via ledet) camus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER XLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU may assure yourself, that, if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time, Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of;
and

and you will be surpris'd to find that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority; and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr. ** the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations, &c.

It has happened, that, whilst I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arriv'd some time ago. He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight dissertations*, a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begg'd in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conference, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can; for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true. The first should not be indulg'd so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglect'd so as to impair health. But I know men who, for fear of being savage, live

* *Revelation examined with candour.*

with all who will live with them, and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never see it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a free-man.—Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention: though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry; though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I do not feel them; therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home. My Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity. I know nothing that moves strongly but satire; and those, who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you will desire some account of my health. It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations, which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party; and it is the greatest vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. —'s book is what I cannot commend so much as Dean Berkeley's*,

* A fine original work, called *The Minute Philosopher*.

though

though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*

Adieu.

VOL. VI.

S

LET.

L E T T E R S

O F

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY*, &c.

From the Year 1729, to 1732.

L E T T E R L.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation; for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain, since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her; although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace, that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the Deanry, even in the face of my Whig subjects.—I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours; and pray keep the interest-money in a bag wrapt up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own

* Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope.

fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger: but the different pursuits, and manners, and interests of life, as Fortune hath pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope, when you are rich enough, you will take some little economy of your own in town and country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port: for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamt play; although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good. But you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text; I mean the title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness; for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a year more for horses. —I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town, and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood: but you are yet too volatile; and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

L E T T E R L I.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by guess, because they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham-walks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord

Duke's *premier ministre*: for his Grace, having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury Downs; having rode over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgements to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*. I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets. Upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her; which sum I desire she will please to return me.— I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200*l.* next summer in France. I am glad I have it; for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: for I have often known a she-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you: but the evil is unavoidable; for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here; which would

would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before; and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself: I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much; and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated. — If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer. It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. — But my paper is ended.

L E T T E R LII.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated. Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year; at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their virtues: which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by

envy; although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill; and I have told him often, that I only hated him as Lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors; and I confess at the same time, that he had six times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church: the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford; the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary; where I can, with the centurion, say to my servant, "Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doth it." I now hate all people whom I cannot command; and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it: and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eulden in the Laurel; the contention being between Concanen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject; and I wish the Duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death;

death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat. And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter; where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchess room to write; and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom: though I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the DUCHESS.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you, that a nameless person * sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner

* The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

L E T T E R LIII.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct in a negative way; not to do so and so, &c. like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me. I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's, by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

M A D A M,

Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent

prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article, of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that, under these disadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand, at least within three of you; for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My groom tells me, that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick,
or

or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For, I profess you are the first Lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714; and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me; but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness, as far as to your house in Scotland.

But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company: which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment; for I do not perceive they mend in any thing, but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude, that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LET.

L E T T E R. LIV.

Dublin, June 23, 1737.

EVER since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Aimsbury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; first, I thought I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers; but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil: for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles besides every day.

I always told you Mr. — was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess; and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom. If you like Mrs. —, why do you not command her to take you? If she does not, she is not worth pursuing.

spung. You do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love; and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice; I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? Positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *l.* *per annum*; and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young; and, when you are old, will afford you a pint of Port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country.—Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare, that one of your women (which ever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for,

for, while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for, if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.—Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but, if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

L E T T E R L V.

August 28, 1731.

YOU and the Duchess use me very ill; for, I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the handwriting of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand: and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you; but I will go on in the innocence of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great

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works

works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour*. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy†. —I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense. A lord-lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England; which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a-year.—Why, you need not stare: it is easily applied: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace.—Lo here comes in the Duchess again (I know her by her dd's, but am a fool for discovering my art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said.—Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense; and, whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though

* *Wagstaff's Dialogues of polite conversation*, published in his lifetime. See Swift's works, vol. vii.

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to servants in general*, has been published since his death. See Swift's works, vol. vii.

perhaps

perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero, (as your Grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental: some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful, and others the contrary; and what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about, as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see*.

L E T T E R LVI.

Sept. 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health: but I know your arts

* His ludicrous prediction was, since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled.

of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hofier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and, as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, beſides two or three under ones, that may add another thouſand pound to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you, I know you can find dinners; but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole thouſand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongſt you; and reaſon good, when I am teazed with dukes and duchefſes for a viſit, all my demands complied with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, “O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horſe, and duchefſes pulled off his armour,” or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited fellow; I can ſay ten times more; O happy, &c. ſuch a duchefs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam iſtas reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula.* Go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her: however, ſhe has good qualities enough to make her eſteemed, but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe were a fool.—I have been ſeveral months writing near five hundred lines on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will ſay on me after I am dead*. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon; for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my

* This has been publiſhed, and is amongſt the beſt of his poems. See Swift's works, vol. vi.

other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country, of all denominations; Whig and Tory, high and low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster.—But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgements to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

MY LORD,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity, of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work. And I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters, under the charge of secrecy, to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe, that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger; and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But, in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed, not to know that the Duchess, ever since you met, hath been most politicly employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side; and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause,

of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Duchess's great secret in her art of government hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace, for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving; since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

M A D A M,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand, at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex, to a strange kind of man whom she never saw: and this is all I can find; which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

L E T T E R LVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 1, 1731.

YOU used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please: you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you.

and therefore please me, by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you. I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great visits; and, as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependent. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving; so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the Duchesse, (she is such a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession. But still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers; which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end, drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are, Lord Bolingbroke, 500*l.*; Mr. Pelham, 500*l.*; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son,

son, 500*l.*; Gen. Hill, 500*l.*; Lord Massam's son, 500*l.*

You have the good wishes of those I converse with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse; that I write in a head-ach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady — took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelve-month; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake, why all this scruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights. Though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again. The old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s, and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns

cerns and interests of parties, even of countries; (for countries are but larger parties).. *Quid verum atque decens curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim; pray finish it*. I am happy whenever you join our names together. So would Dr. Arbuthnot be: but at this time he can be pleased with nothing; for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another. Surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c.; even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you see what I am now writing, you will be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners†. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me; and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up. I am used to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism), the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me; and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature,

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the best of his performances, but very characteristic.

† The poem he means is the *Essay on Man*. But this point he could never gain. His readers would *admire* his poetry in spite of him, and would *not* understand his *reasoning* after all his pains.

not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here. I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you; and, such as it is, I would not repine at it. All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

L E T T E R LVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter; and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my lady Duchefs, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury Downs; and I declare, that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay, worse than a thousand political ones; for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is insulting me; for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark. And in the day, you may beckon a black-guard boy under a gate, near your visiting place; (*experte crede*), save eleven-pence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise: and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance. In such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's

bury's refusing his pension; but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles.— So it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find, by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own; but I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchesses; yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear; and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Aimsbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? Can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner; and do the Duchesses's women admire your wit? In what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? Can you play with him at backgammon? Have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree?

tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will shew this letter to the Duchefs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news: I buried the famous Gen. Meredith's father last night in my cathedral; he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you; for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank.

Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he staid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something. There is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in; which however you have done excellently well; and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint. I found a moral first, and studied for a fable; but could do nothing that pleased

pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war; wherein I supposed the lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal As a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage; which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England. But, pray, take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was, to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins; without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings. But I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you, and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here is your health—and the second and chief is my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs.—And I tell you, that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, (a couple of philosophers), would starve me; for even of Port wine I should require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Ducheſs have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind: you

eat without care; and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes, by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is, of all others, the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the Duchess be a *revenue*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town; and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace, to be better established upon your return to Aimsbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst: and Fortune is ever against me; but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Aimsbury,
and

and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble, &c.

L E T T E R LX.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your Stewardship; and it is monstrous to me, that the South Sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way; for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pounds will buy me six hogheads of wine, which will support me a-year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia*. Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*; and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and, betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a-year; and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money, before I can consent. I want to be minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and

Prebendary of Westminster; else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D—y has got a wife with 1600*l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand. I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England. You want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty, when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Aimsbury can play at backgammon. Pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the D U C H E S S.

MADAM,

I was the most unwary creature in the world, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman-usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends; and, if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.—As to yourself, I would say to you, (though comparisons

comparisons be odious), what I said to the —, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you: for I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural, and sincere, and unaffected, than your tongue: in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part; and have indeed acted so indiscreetly, that I have you at mercy: and, although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, "It is none of my bread and butter;" meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house, for one hour, over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off; and, when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my clothes to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord

Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand, at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not ashamed of you, though you be Duke and Duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c.; and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1732.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment.—I cannot tell, that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any; which I declare I do not: and besides, I think the world is already so well informed

formed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, or sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, condemned and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying, That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

SEE what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that
author

author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which, I am sure, your Grace is not; no, not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read; and write in such an old-fashioned style, as none of them can understand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town: therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect; which you say are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of Ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Aimsbury, with a great load of merit, and your Grace happened to be out of humour, and will not purchase any merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years: and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed. I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished
she

she could give me the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style; and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke; and, with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

L E T T E R LXII.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1732.

I DOUBT habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect: I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you, (either verse or prose), I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt; but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural; and, when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *Non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family-amusements, never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of an-
ger

ger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and called it an *Intelligencer*. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and, I find, you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here * could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropt. In the volume you saw, (to answer your questions), the 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated): the 9th mine; the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr. Sh—'s preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are, in prose, a view of the state of Ireland; a project for eating children; and a defence of Lord Carteret; in verse, a libel on Dr. D—— and Lord Carteret; a letter to Dr. D—— on the libels writ against him; the Barrack, (a stolen copy); the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room, (a stolen copy); the Plea of the Damn'd, (a stolen copy). All these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England). Besides these, there are five or six (perhaps) more papers of verses writ in the north, but perfect family-things; two or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local; and some that would give offence to the times.

* John Harding.

Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the scheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man is the most hopeful we have. A book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. D—— is one of his patrons. He is married, and has children, and makes up about 100 *l.* a-year; on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained; and I profess, I grow gradually so dry, that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea; and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun about twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess*. Nay, I have another† of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. —, who promises to be less lazy, in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider, that both wit and beauty will go off with years; and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her; and I doubt, my

* Polite Conversation, in Swift's Works, vol. vii.

Directions to servants, *ib.*

Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me: and I believe, the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is, because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends: yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love, so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

L E T T E R LXIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT*.

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters, (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows:

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, forboding some misfortune." [This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand].

as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.— Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far; his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that is a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu; I can add nothing but what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better; I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

P. S. By Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels. It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years. I wrote one about your health,

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to

to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness; being, with great affection and respect, Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support: but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than I by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life, for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wish, that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the use of riches hath been just printed here; and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene

where

where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.—Dr. Delany presents you his most humble service. He behaves himself very commendably; converses only with his former friends; makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the streets as usual, by day-light; does many acts of charity and generosity; cultivates a country-house two miles distant; and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent. He is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P—, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve, by his modesty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service. I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me; and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only

ly happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

L E T T E R LXV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who would do the same that I would do with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is). I am preparing also for my own; and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to

the

the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idleness, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr. D—, and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I do not mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland, which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly, and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published; and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace*, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it; though, in truth, my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person. But you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it; and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last; or (to give you a true

* Sat. i. lib. ii. vol. i. of Pope's Works.

idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood, when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often those parts, which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable*.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their boundless hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an answer to that point), and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish, (beyond any other wish), you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclosed in the common way, as I do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their

* See note on the epistle to Lord Cobham, *Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men*, vol. ii. of Pope's Works.

thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable. My Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands. It is not to be told you how much he wishes for you. The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction.—Your Lady-friend is *semper eadem*; and I have written an epistle to her on that qualification, in a female character, which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef d'œuvre*: but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever, (the complaint here), but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

L E T T E R LXVI.

April 2, 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it separates us from those we love; but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived

lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and chearfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *is*, is *right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and, for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy; for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, (and that I shall like as well). Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither; for this reason, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important or less interesting, by sparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such, as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirised false courtiers and spies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be such a satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires *libels*; I would rather call my satires *epistles*. They will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty, (if they can), and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady —'s or Lord **'s performance? They are certainly the top wits of the court, and
you

you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, so far as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's*. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses. I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them; and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.—I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem†, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praise so kindly; and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your Collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles in the order of the system, and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, house-keeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer; which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer, than so late as autumn. You used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappiness; and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call *happiness*. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu.

* See Pope's epistle written on this occasion, above.

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.

Believe

Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs), ever yours.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem, called, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himself*. It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded on a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication; with many circumstances, all pure invention. † I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens, that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this imposture; although it appears, that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one; which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more. I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and
acquit

acquit me ; as, I am sure, you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it ; which is mean, and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise. I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute ; and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay ; but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you ; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill-nature, in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness ; only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry ? Give me a shilling, and I will insure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself so much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged, than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves ; those which ought not to be
seen,

seen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like *opuscula*, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me he gave only two, which he will recal. I have a short epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission). I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching*; the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. — I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine; and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants; but with him not. — The collection you speak of is this. A printer came to me, to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He said, “he would be glad of my permission; but as he could not print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest, &c.”

Much

Much of this discourse passed; and he goes on with the matter; wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent: and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Que virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit, but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed by virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called, *The Life and Character of Dr. Swift*, with a letter, telling me, "the person who published it had assured him, the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I cannot tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I

should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for satire; but as for anger, I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life: and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

LETTER LXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death † the papers have been full. But I

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† Mrs. Pope died June 7, 1733, aged 93.

would rather rejoice with you; because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of; which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waded the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine are cheaper here, as they are always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there is not in the whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen. Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that make a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner; and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues; but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands, just at two ends of the town, are as

firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain, that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London; where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town; who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggons or coachmen, but give me the way: nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus I make some advantage of the public poverty; and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being jostled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses; I am absolute Lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom; am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the king of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you, with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter, relating to my Lord B—— and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you

you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

L E T T E R LXX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread.—My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed, either way. Let your hungry poets and your rhyming poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The

man who drew your character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject; for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them, and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation, in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people, who are, (at last), like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when *every mortal that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in politics and religion.*

Adieu. All you love are yours; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Jan. 6, 1734

I NEVER think of you, and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally

eternally by absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away, in a manner, the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourself, puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You will have immediately, by several franks, (even before it is here published,) my epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *opus magnum*, and the last Essay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer; but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and, after shewing it to some people, suppressed it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost of all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit; and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me, when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men as slander and belie my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are pests of private society, or mischievous members of the public; that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men, as well as to

to me.—Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do; since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing
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often I should find great relief, could we write freely ; and yet, when I have done so, you seem, by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office), could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name ; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that wittlings feed ; and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping, from what we sling to our dogs ; yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady. It was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your life and character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more. The same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England : but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not ; and my doctrine had

had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either: but, be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland: I wished it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you: do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord B. is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you, (for this is not writing). If you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this full page. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a
very

very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have seen them *satis magnum theatrum mihi effis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public*. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me amia.*

L E T T E R LXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I HAVE yours with my Lord B——'s postscript of September 15. It was long in its way; and for some weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right no-

* As Lord B. (let. 49.) tells us, they shew that all our metaphysical theology is ridiculous and abominable.

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tions of friendship : but I apprehend your want of health ; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season ; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter ; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man ; although I am convinced, that I shall never be able to finish three treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days. We since heard, that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well ; and so did some others, whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name ; and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend ; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man ; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below, or beside yourself, on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on
that

that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the first reading of those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: on the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: on the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live. It saves your money, and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters: otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes, that I write (as well as print) in folio. You will think, (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding), that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are slept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and, if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering

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every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwell always in my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journies this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who, upon every occasion, commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will soon see one which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written; and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered, as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God, we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall reunite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you. You are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country. Though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I

could

could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been, long ago, of my wit. My system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity: but where one is confined to truth, (or, to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us. But this does not satisfy me; who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed. He is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my essay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write either to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one), rebuke him for it; as a divine, if you like it; or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will shew you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him; and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so: and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

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LETTER LXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion, by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned, to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations*, (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public, and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor†, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a giddings in his head.

† Arbuthnot. He died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called, *A dissertation on parties*. I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles*. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

From DR. SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say, as David did, *I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done?* You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us, although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful pestilence desolated that city, in 1720. He sold all his plate, &c. for the relief of the poor.

did our letters contain any turn of wit or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship. Yet I am loth that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq; They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle*. He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us; but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be afflicted on mankind—*Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord.*—You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world. But oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

* Bishop of Derry.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

TO answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation; he will be a friend to human race wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life. I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon. No body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation, of being cut into the bladder, for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered, on his death-bed, his watch to be given me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case. On the outer, I have put this inscription, *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the
most

most helpless of this world, those objects * which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and, of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Oct. 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curl, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed, that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting; now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleaseth me to

* Idiots.

find that you begin to dislike things, in spite of your philosophy. Your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend, forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day; yet is my health so uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night. My best way would be to marry; for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ———? methinks, I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.—“ You need not apprehend any Curls meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office.” I have a thousand things more to say; *longævitæ est garula*: but I remember I have other letters to write, if I have time, which I spend to tell you so. I am ever, dearest Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name; such a havoc have time, death, exile, and oblivion, made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliments usual here,

Mr.

Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we mis-call their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast, that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom, nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni*, &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light: but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before; by which it is plain, that the letter you sent me miscarried.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you, to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers, and future kings.—As to the new Lord-lieutenant*, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

* The Duke of Devonshire.

L E T T E R LXXX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since; only I have continued in great pain of mind: yet for my own sake, and the world's, more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickell was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town, who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity; but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you. Pray, be so kind to outlive me; and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering

membering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own. I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me; although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear, as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account of your neighbour* who writ to me from Bath. I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments†, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

LETTER LXXXI.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it: but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† The author of the *Dissertation on Parties* appears to have been of the same opinion.

to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different capacities. 4. Of the use of *learning*, of the *science* of the *world*, and of *wit*. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas ! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram* ! My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished. I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry : the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain ; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house ; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings ? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them ? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead : for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was ? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry : he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of chirurgery ; and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner

of cutting for the stone.—I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. —I can afford room for yourself and two servants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me. But gardening is near a-kin to philosophy; for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientia*. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit to be a bishop) even give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing else), so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *tales animæ concordæ* be our motto and our epitaph.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourageth me

me from all thoughts of coming to England ; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage ; and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. “ As to what you say of your letters, since “ you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your “ letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some “ legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. Those things are all tied up, “ indorsed, and locked in a cabinet ; and I have not “ one servant who can properly be said to write or “ read. No mortal shall copy them ; but you shall “ surely have them when I am no more.” I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your epistles ; not from any other ambition than the title of a friend ; and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry : I could reason against you a little from experience : you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity. But your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share ; but I have not above one left : and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Chelfelden ? On your side, men of fame start up and die, before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B.’s genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world.—Common reports have made me very un-

easy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have no spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative, but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity or love. And I grow laconic even beyond Laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to question-
ary

ary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull. And you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to —. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed: but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainebleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth; were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed. For, believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty. Therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the Universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince, crowned me with laurel. You

are a very ignorant man : you do not know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter : I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy ; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present age ; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends.— Do not you be too angry at it ; and let not him be too angry at it : it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works : while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers ; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you are pleased to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess : may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present ; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter ; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write.— Years and infirmities have quite broke me ; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride : the first I can do tolerably ; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power ; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations, by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of

of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnelle, &c. and in spite of your heart you have owned me a contemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough. In short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry that the present times are drawn to the dregs, as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life; but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a-year about Corke, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid. This is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name. I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him: but perhaps he is still a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health.—How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my Lord Bathurst, and Lord Masham, and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire, when you see them, to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last. Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with
times;

times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales.—My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.—I had reason to expect, from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

TO DR. SWIFT.

Dec. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us: for if we have
known

known him long, he is old : and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity : but if you ever live to have less, you shall not live to have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effects of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus :

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!*

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance ; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. “ But I have
“ much reason to fear, those which you have too
“ partially kept in your hands, will get out in some
“ very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality :
“ and the more reason to fear it, since this last month
“ Curl has obtained from Ireland two letters, (one of
“ Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine to you, which
“ were wrote in the year 1723), and he has printed
“ them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except
“ one passage concerning Dawley, which must have
“ been

“ been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got ; it has never been out of my custody ; for whatever is lent is lost (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers.”

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone ? I think that impossible ; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone, by the mere flux and course of years, that, were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room* ; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal ; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish, and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament ; and you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you, it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of the same studies and the same authors : but I will own to you, my moral capacity

* There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent on the friendly office of mollifying them.

has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened, and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than those I see daily.—You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can yet correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much.—Let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says, she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my
house

house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life; and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you, to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence; the physicians having told me, the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life.— Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country*, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power, to draw you back to a country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him, at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species, as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason, (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, because the sentence may be understood in a double sense. Dub. edit.

them with all their imperfections on their head; so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old house-keeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be, in spite of all the fools in the world.

Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters; but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability; for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafness, not being a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come, like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt: which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of

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any of your epistles. I am often wondering, how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. "All the letters
 " I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio cover,
 " and the rest in bundles indorsed: but, by reading
 " their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I
 " can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all
 " possible care. But I have been forced, on three or
 " four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends;
 " yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to
 " some faithful friends; however, what I have are not
 " much above sixty." I found nothing in any one of
 them to be left out. None of them have any thing to
 do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men
 by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life;
 while I am raging every moment against the corruption
 of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my
 weakness.

I have read your epistle of Horace to Augustus. It
 was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it could
 come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The
 curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for
 ironies in it. The four folks think they have found out
 some: but your admirers here, I mean every man of
 taste, affect to be certain, that your profession of friend-
 ship to me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be
 thought a flatterer. My happiness is, that you are too
 far engaged; and in spite of you the ages to come will
 celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved
 and esteemed me, although I died the object of court
 and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the epic
 poem called *Leonidas*, which is reprinting here, and
 hath great vogue? We have frequently good poems of
 late from London. I have just read one upon conver-
 sation, and two or three others. But the crowd do
 not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher,
 stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the
 whole assembly below.

I am

I am able to write no more ; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer ; but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days ; and then he will take with him " all the letters I preserved of yours, which are " not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm " of some years, but the dates are more early than " my two last journies to England ; which makes me " imagine, that in one of those journies I carried over " another cargo." But I cannot trust my memory half an hour ; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom) ; but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American, who

is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them, that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here, who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters. He will not allow such a difference between the two climates; but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here, as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice.—I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those scribblers, who send us over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health. I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray, let my Lord Orrery see you often: next to yourself, I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done; for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewel,

Farewel, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

My dear Friend,

Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I HAVE yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, incapable of conversation, by cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post office of both kingdoms; which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem. I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear, he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have ab-

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solutely done with poetry for several years past; and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliment on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the court exclusive).

“ I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you
 “ have favoured me with, these twenty years and
 “ more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to
 “ Mrs. W——, a very worthy, rational, and judi-
 “ cious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose vi-
 “ sits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to
 “ send safely to you, upon my decease.”

My Lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north. She is a person of very good understanding, as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B.'s letter, in the last page of yours.

My dear LORD,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*. If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here, in a postscript, correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I

shewed

shewed my cousin the above letter; and she assures me, that a great collection of * your letters to me, are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand †. I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now Aug. 24,
1738.

* It is written just thus in the original. The book that is now printed seems to be part of the collection here spoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned him after Mr. Gay's death; though any mention made by Mr. P. of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers.

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a safe hand in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing; though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to discover where they ly. "Mrs. W—— did assure me she had not one of them, and seemed to be under great uneasiness, that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me, she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another, and therefore desired me to assure you from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean, or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and
" Mrs.

" Mrs. W——* declares she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published, may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune; and I should say, (as an excuse for this letter,) that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am,

Dear SIR,

With the truest esteem,

Your very faithful,

and obedient servant,

Marston, Oct. 4, 1738.

ORRERY.

* This lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to *secrete* the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq; insisted upon writing a preface, to justify Mr. P. from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.

LET.

L E T T E R S
T O
RALPH ALLEN, Esq;

L E T T E R XC.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I SAW Mr. M. yesterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the picture. I have inquired for the best originals of these two subjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deserve to be so; the discovery of Joseph to his brethren, and the resignation of the captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci; and I am promised the other, in a good print, from one of the chief Italian painters. That of Scipio is of the exact size one would wish for a basso relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would best ornament your hall, done in chiaro oscuro.

A man not only shews his taste, but his virtue, in the choice of such ornaments: and whatever example most strikes us, we may reasonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that the history itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than any he could teach by his conversation. In this sense, the stones may be said to speak, when men cannot, or will not. I cannot help thinking, (and I know you will join with me, you who have been making an altar-piece), that the zeal of the first reformers was ill-placed, in removing *pictures* (that is to say, examples) out of churches, and yet suffering *epitaphs* (that is to say, flatteries, and false history)

ry) to be the burden of church-walls, and the shame, as well as derision, of all honest men.

I have heard little yet of the subscription *. I intend to make a visit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborow at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return, I will inquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true; and I shall be honourably acquitted of a task I am not fond of †. I have run out my leaf, and will only add my sincere wishes for your happiness of all kinds.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

I NEED not say I thank you for a letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can, till we meet. But, in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things ‡ is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the public: and, as to any advantage they may do to my own character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you, I do not think it the least of those advantages, that they have occasioned me the good-will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man ||. I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the common run of subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion

* For his own edition of the 1st volume of his Letters, undertaken at Mr. Allen's request.

† The printing his Letters by subscription.

‡ His letters.

|| Mr. Allen's friendship with the author was contracted on the reading his volume of Letters, which gave the former the highest opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodness of heart.

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must suppress: and this they (without any other consideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection; whereas the only use to my own character, as an author, of such a publication, would be the suppression of many things. And as to my character as a man, it would be but just where it is; unless I could be so vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honest sentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would surely be wrong and weak also.

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the next age, pass, at least, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and, God knows, none of them are my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I say, that pleasure would be increased to me, in knowing I should do what would please *you*. But I cannot persuade myself to let the whole burden, even though it were a public good, lie upon you, much less to serve my private fame entirely at another's expence*.

But understand me rightly. Did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure, that to occasion you to contribute to a real good, would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

As to the present affair: that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your desires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done. I will tell my friends I am as willing to publish this book as to let it alone. And, rather than suffer you to be taxed

* Mr. Allen offered to print the Letters at his own expence.

at your own rate, will publish in the news, next winter, the proposals, &c.

I tell you all these particulars to shew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your assistance in any moderate degree. But I think you should reserve so great a proof of your benevolence to a better occasion.

Since I wrote last, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the subject of Scipio and the captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a sketch of: and, I believe, is more expressive than that of Ricci, as Pietro is famous for expression. I have also met with a fine print of the discovery of Joseph to his brethren, a design, which, I fancy, is of La Sœur, and will do perfectly well.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 6, 1736.

I DO not write too often to you for many reasons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that friends should be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: It is an exercise of their friendship, and a trial of their memory. And moreover, to be perpetually repeating assurances, is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere. Not to add the tautology one must be guilty of, who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing. For all is said in this word, *I am truly yours*.

I am now as busy in planting for myself, as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet day and for every fog, that gives me the headach, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me,
(if

(if they do not die in their travels from place to place ; for my garden, like my life, seems to me every day to want correction ; I hope, at least, for the better) ; but I am pleased to think my trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me, that those others will not be things of my own poor body : but it is enough, they are creatures of the same species, and made by the same hand that made me. I wish (if a wish would transport me) to see you in the same employment. And it is no partiality even to you, to say it would be as pleasing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in prose are above three quarters printed ; and will be a book of fifty and more sheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the slowness of subscribers, I will do all I can to disappoint you in particular ; and intend to publish in January, when the town fills, an advertisement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will subscribe to do it. In the mean time I have printed receipts, which put an end to any person's delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I send you a few, that you may see I am in earnest, endeavouring all I can to save your money ; at the same time, that nothing can lessen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health, and for my own, which is better than usual.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XCIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

June 8, 1737.

I WAS very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well,
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that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a friend is really dead, (if he knows our concern for him), he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were: so that what we think a real evil, is, to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases; let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, time and life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you will see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, &c.

L E T T E R . XCIV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 24, 1737.

THE event* of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind and mine so much, that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P.; but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprise to *all*, as every one's death is to himself, though both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the same time that we pity them; because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of

* The Queen's death.

great

great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance, or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestic life happy. I have nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, &c.

L E T T E R XCV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint is so troublesome to you; and the share I have borne, and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this: for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture too to say, my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I cannot help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman; (for whom you left a guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden): I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly; and that may be but one year; for, I think, by her looks she is not less than eighty. I am determined to take this

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charity

charity out of your hands, which, I know, you will think hard upon you. But so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine, (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it), provided I say something of you, which most people would take ill; for example, that you are no man of high birth, or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health: every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself, which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Jan. 20.

I **THOUGHT** sooner to have acknowledged yours; but I have been severely handled by my asthma, and, at the same time hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A.'s disorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are not two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue, these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of ———; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting-seat. If he lives till Spring, he talks of returning to London; and, if I possibly can, I would get

get him to lie out of it at Twickenham : though we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach ; which would be the properest exercise for both of us, since he is become so weak as to be deprived of riding a horse.

L. Bolingbroke stays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleased to meet each other ; and nothing, in all my life, has been so great a pleasure to my nature, as to bring deserving and knowing men together. It is the greatest favour that can be done, either to great geniuses or useful men. I wish too he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of some proud and powerful persons, to see if they have any of the best sort of pride left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XCVII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

March 6.

I THANK you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met ; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, though only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital ; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surry side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or

two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I fear will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation*.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be, that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as he. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (though, in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion almost, throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition). God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, &c.

* On the invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.

L E T T E R S

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MR. POPE TO MR. WARBURTON.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

April 11, 1739.

I HAVE just received from Mr. R. two more of your *letters* *. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third *letter*, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz † ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems; for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgements. I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part, at least, or of all of them, into French ‡; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c.

* Commentaries on the *Essay on Man*.

† A German professor, who wrote remarks upon the philosophy of that *Essay*.

‡ They were all translated into that language by a French gentleman of condition, who is now in an eminent station in his own country.

L E T.

LETTER XCIX.

May 26, 1739.

THE diffipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himself who passes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's servant more than my own; this, Sir, is the occasion of my silence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almost any man. By writing, indeed, I proposed no more than to tell you my sense of it: as to any corrections of your *letters*, I could make none but what resulted from inverting the order of them, and those expressions relating to myself, which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the last letter, which I returned immediately to the bookseller. I must particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your postscript * to the last edition of the *Legation of Moses*. I am much more pleased with a compliment that links me to a virtuous man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind, (even a better and stronger tie than the similitude of studies), than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which sets a good priest above a bishop, and truly makes his fortune; that is, his happiness in this life, as well as in the other.

* He means a *vindication of the author of the Divine Legation*, against some papers in the *Weekly Miscellany*: In which Mr. Warburton applied to himself those lines in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

Let the tender office long engage, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R C.

Twittenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I RECEIVED with great pleasure the paper you sent me; and yet with greater, the prospect you gave me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongst the number of those who esteem you, will be passed rather in this place than in London; since it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you, such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima*.

As soon as Mr. R. can transmit to me an entire copy of your *letters*, I wish he had your leave so to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to translate, who, I hope, will not subject your work to as much ill-grounded criticism, as my French translator* has subjected mine. In earnest, I am extremely obliged to you for thus espousing the cause of a stranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this sentiment, is the least. The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem, your zeal for truth deserves affection from every candid man: and as such, were I wholly out of the case, I should esteem and love you for it. I will not therefore use you so ill as to write in the general stile of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occasion: and I can only say (which I say with sincerity and warmth) that you have made me, &c.

* *Refnel*, on whose very faulty and absurd translation, Crouzaz founded his only plausible objections.

LET-

LETTER CI.

Jan. 4, 1739.

IT is a real truth that I should have written to you oftener, if I had not a great respect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unnecessary thing to let you know, that most of my friends also pay you their thanks; and some of the most knowing, as well as most candid judges, think me as much beholden to you as I think myself. Your *letters** meet from such with the approbation they merit; and I have been able to find but two or three very slight inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their observation, altered in an exemplar which I keep against a second edition. My very uncertain state of health, which is shaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Bristol two months since; and I shall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten letters from thence on the success of your book †, which they are earnest to have translated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monsieur Cambis the ambassador, hath done the greatest part of it here. But I will retard the impression till I have your directions, or till I can have a pleasure I earnestly wish for, to meet you in town, where you gave me some hopes you sometimes passed a part of the spring, for the best reason I know of ever visiting it, the conversation of a few friends. Pray, suffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my house have its share of you: or, if I can any way be instrumental in accommodating you in town during your stay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my disposal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them so little; but that it is possible you may be as much a

* On the *Essay on Man*.† The Commentary on the *Essay on Man*.

stranger

stranger to this town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the *Miscellanies**, that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit poured out upon you as the author you defended from Crouzaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the Sun to the Frogs, shining out, in your second book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much, a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R CII.

Jan. 17, 1739-40.

THOUGH I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the remarks on the fourth epistle †; which (though I find by yours attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life. I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the same person who translated the *Essay* into prose, which Mr. Crouzaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice, either of his own, or some others; though I was very willing, at first, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice.

* The Weekly Miscellany, by Dr. Webster, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others.

† Of the *Essay on Man*.

I see

I see nothing to be added to your work; only some commendatory deviations from the argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard, &c.

L E T T E R CIII.

April 16, 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin, but continue. All forms should be passed, when people know each other's mind so well. I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habeo meas*. But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London; and thence after a few days to carry you to Twickenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr. R.'s, where and when I shall call upon you; which I will daily inquire for, whether I chance to be here or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the truest regard, and the sincerest wish to deserve,

Yours, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R C I V.

Twickenham, June 24, 1740.

IT is true that I am a very unpunctual correspondent, though no unpunctual agent or friend ; and that, in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange ; which, with honest men, seems a kind of illicit trade, by having been, for the most part, carried on, and carried furthest, by designing men. I am therefore reduced to plain inquiries, how my friend does, and what he does ? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him*. Your two kind letters gave me real satisfaction, in hearing you were safe and well, and in shewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my esteem for you, and delight in your conversation. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my conduct to those I best love ; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at : but, in earnest, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore, in both views, to hold yourself what you are to me in my opinion and affection ; so high in each, that I may perhaps seldom attempt to tell it you. The greatest justice, and favour too, that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but instruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel through your book as through an amazing scene of ancient Egypt or Greece ; struck with veneration and wonder, but at every step wanting an instructor to tell me all I wish to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity ; and such you will prove to all mankind ; but with this additional charac-

ter, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my *Essay* *, but more for the motive which did originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me, the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet, and I think I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you certainly shall now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself.

LETTER CV.

Oct. 27, 1740.

I AM grown so bad a correspondent, partly through the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly through other disagreeable accidents, (almost peculiar to me), that my oldest, as well as best friends, are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The translation you † are a much better judge of than I, not only because you understand my work better than I do myself, but as your continued familiarity with the

* Mr. Pope desired Mr. Warburton to procure a good translation of the *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.

† Of his *Essay on Man* into Latin prose.

learned languages, makes you infinitely more a master of them. I would only recommend, that the translator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his usage of some *terms* which may be more *precise* in modern philosophy than such as he could serve himself of, especially in matters metaphysical. I think this specimen close enough, and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious, or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a version; and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages, which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the journey I designed to Oxford; and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

Scriblerus * will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out; which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder †. I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew, would make an excellent epigram. But all satire is become so ineffectual, (when the last step that virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away), that epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish, is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies, as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

† The letters published by Dr. Swift.

LETTER CVI.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740 1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter writing, as to be almost afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you should be the person I should ofteneft pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason; for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting my meaning in the best manner, and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glimpses of you, which a short spring visit affords, and from which you carry nothing away with you, but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *second volume* *, and particularly of the *digressions*, for they are *so much more of you*; and I can trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent. You will, I question not, verify the good proverb, That the furthest way about is the nearest way home; and much better than plunging through thick and thin, *mare theologorum*, and persisting in the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and, I think, instructive story of Dr. W—, who was, in this, the image of ***, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But I am

* Of the Divine Legation.

sorry he had so much of the modern Christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month through your means as I had the last spring.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R CVII.

April 14, 1741.

YOU are every way kind to me in your partiality to what is tolerable in me, and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the instance given of —. You owe me much friendship of this latter sort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr. Gay tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month; when, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by passing with me as much time as you can; every day of which, it will be my fault, if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you; and be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours.

L E T T E R CVIII.

Twittenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

THE general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem I bear you.

Honest and ingenuous minds are sure of each other's; the tie is mutual and solid. The use of writing letters resolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare. Unless I ever should be so fortunate, (and rare fortune it would be), to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, some real benefit done you by my means. But fortune seldom suffers one disinterested man to serve another. It is too much an insult upon her to let two of those who most despise her favours, be happy in them at the same time, and in the same instance. I wish for nothing so much at her hands, as that she would permit some great person or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; though very lately a nobleman, whom you esteem much more than you know, had destined, &c.

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other subjects, I should break my resolution, and become an author a-new: nay, a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I should go on jingling only the same bells!

I have received some chagrin at the delay of your degree at Oxon. As for mine, I will die before I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctored with you, or not at all. I am sure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deserving, there can be none given to the undeserving, no more from the hands of priests, than of princes. Adieu. God give you all *true blessings*.

LET.

L E T T E R CIX.

Sept. 20, 1741.

IT is not my friendship, but the discernment of that nobleman * I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to serve you. And his judgment is so uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleasure to you to owe him any thing; instead of a shame, which often is the case in the favours of men of that rank. I am sorry I can only wish you well, and not do myself honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myself when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deserving than you have made yourself.

I do not know how I have been betrayed into a paragraph of this kind. I ask your pardon, though it be truth, for saying so much. —

If I can prevail on myself to compleat the Dunciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my verses, (for poems I will not call them), and, I hope, your friendship to me will be then as well known, as my being an author; and go down together to posterity. I mean to as much of posterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the commentator (as usual) will lend a crutch to the weak poet to help him to limp a little further, than he could do on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in fame, whatever we do at the university. And I tell you once more, I will not have it there without you. —

L E T T E R CX.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

IAM always naturally sparing of my letters to my friends; for a reason I think a great one; that it

* Lord Chesterfield.

is needless, after experience, to repeat assurances of friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for words, to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M. though, I am satisfied, you could have done it, and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a divine, and an author who loves peace, better than victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookseller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G.; and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place that your exhortations may be most effectual, to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you. And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit, than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance truth and virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid, in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the master of it, invites you in the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints, (as I believe from what you have told me of them), no opportunity can ever be better. It is just
the

the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury is expected here daily, who, I know, is your friend; at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance; in which, however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than 100 miles from Newark, the road through Leicester, Stow in the Wolde in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

*Audistis? an me ludit amabilis
Infania?*

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preserve you ever.

L E T T E R CXI.

Nov. 22, 1741.

YOURS is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it.—Only I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in your way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither, and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G.'s executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than

than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; though I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would just see ***, though, when you have passed a month here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town: and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London, I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his friendship. But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribbler again, I know not.

LETTER CXII.

April 23, 1742.

MY letters are so short, partly because I could by no length of *writings* (not even by such as lawyers write) convey to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I cannot sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your two last letters, which show your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter; and perhaps to make others sleep unless awakened by my commentator: no uncommon case among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival; with whom I shall seize all the hours I can; for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short.—I do
not

not think it impossible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to see (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old servant.—In that case I think to go with him; and if it should be at a season when the waters are beneficial, (which agree particularly with him too), would it be an impossibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's; whose house, you know, and heart are yours? Though this is a mere chance, I should not be sorry you saw so great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again.—Adieu. The world is not what I wish it; but I will not repent being in it while two or three live.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R CXIII.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will shew you I am still with our friend; but it is the last day; and I would rather you heard of me pleased, as yet I am, than chagrined as I shall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well, I wish you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You say no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you, when you have reposed yourself a while at your own fire-side. I shall inquire as soon as I am in London, which of my friends have seen you? There are two or three who know how to value you. I wish I were as sure they would study to serve you.—A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the editor of this new edition of the *Dunciad* *, if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertisement to the public, of your commentaries, on the *Essays on Man* and on *Criticism*, which I propose to print next in another volume

* That is, of the four books complete.

proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem, be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be suppressed; freely and friendly. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken some notice of, because Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems.——

Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXIV.

Dec. 28, 1742.

I HAVE always so many things to take kindly of you, that I do not know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the Dunciad, at least, and therefore staid till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book, first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seemed to give it, was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your notes and your discourse in the name of Aristarchus have given it its last finishings and ornaments.—I am glad you will refresh the *memory* of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers; especially of such works as the *Divine Legation*. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and duller sort; those who become writers through malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in the completion of the work: which I wish were now your only answer to any of them; except you will make
use

use of that short and excellent one you gave me in the story of the *reading glass*.

The world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company as one good resulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which says every thing to a friend, "I am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent me being so of *any thing*, but first and principally) of your health and well-being; and depend on my sense of all the *kindness* over and above all the *justice* you shall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to Jervas's preface to Don Quixote.— Before I got over two paragraphs, I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut Diogenes!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the gods by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in; but could not omit this, which delighted me so greatly.

My law-suit with L. is at an end. Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford: Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.*

L E T T E R CXV.

Jan. 18, 1742.

I AM forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eye-sight grows every day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an equal part in a correspondence than in a conversation with you. But be assured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am instructed and

* On the origin of the books of chivalry.

VOL. VI.

E e

pleased.

pleased. And this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation, as might make more beneficial friends than I esteem and enjoy you equally.—I have again heard from Lord **, and another hand, that the Lord † I writ to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they related to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life, if once he served or obliged you; but that I was certain you would never trouble him with your expectation, though he would never get rid of your gratitude.—Dear Sir, adieu; and let me sometimes be certified of your health. My own is as usual; and my affection the same, always yours.

LETTER CXVI.

Twittenham, March 24, 1743.

I WRITE to you amongst the very few I now desire to have my friends merely, *Si valeas, valeo*. It is in effect all I say: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have; or cause me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter.—But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character, and keep his in dignity. Though, in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

† Granville.

I only

I only mean to tell you I am wholly yours, how few words soever I make of it. A greater pleasure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than — intrinsically; but, I foresee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one is but small. —

I have lived much by myself of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined. When the *Dunciad* may be published, I know not. I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is, your edition of the rest of the *Epistles* and *Essay on Criticism*, &c. I know it is there I shall be seen most to advantage. But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble work of the *Divine Legation*, (which is what, above all, *iterum iterumque monebo*), or any other useful scheme of your own. It would be a satisfaction to me at present only to hear that you have supported your health among these epidemical disorders, which, though not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almost every one.

L E T T E R CXVII.

June 5.

I WISH that, instead of writing to you once in two months I could do you some service as often; for I am arrived at an age when I am as sparing of words as most old men are of money, though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow; nor indeed of an honest man to receive; considering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded me

with favours of that kind, which are most acceptable to veteran authors; those garlands which a commentator weaves to hang about his poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not blossoms springing from the dry author.

It is very unreasonable, after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the *Essay on Homer*. But I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me: and though the common way with a commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.

Lord B. returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the summer; of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your conveniency to be there, and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my scribbling so hastily and so ill. My eyes are at least as bad as my head; and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpose,

Your, &c.

LETTER CXVIII.

July 18.

YOU may well expect letters from me of thanks; but the kind attention you shew to every thing that concerns me is manifest, and so repeated, that you cannot but tell yourself how necessarily I must pay them in my heart, which makes it almost impertinent to say so. Your alterations to the preface and essay* are just; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern, that my notions in my first

* Prefixed to his *Homer's Iliad*.

writings should not be repugnant to those in my last.— And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not so much that I thought wrong or perversely, as that I had not thought sufficiently. What I could correct in the dissipated life I am forced to lead here, I have: and some there are which still want your help to be made as they should be. Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month or in September, and I will join him as soon as I can return from the other party. I believe not till September at soonest.—You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but just like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your finances * than your fame; because the first, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourself; the second is secure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never said one word to you of the public.— I have known the greater world too long to be very sanguine. But accidents and occasions may do what virtue would not, and God send they may! Adieu.— Whatever becomes of public virtue, let us preserve our own poor share of the private. Be assured, if I have any, I am, with a true sense of your merit and friendship, &c.

L E T T E R CXIX.

Oct. 7.

I HEARTILY thank you for yours, from which I learned your safe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am interested in whatever is, and deserves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happiness. I have many reasons and experiences to convince me, how much you wish health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better

* His debt from the executor of Mr. G.

man of me as you can make a better author, I were secure of immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER CXX.

Jan. 12, 1743.

AN unwillingness to write nothing to you, whom I respect; and worse than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself only an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-side; so that I have hardly seen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have passed most of my time, and often wished you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear, by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them (whom I much wish you had a glimpse of) will be gone again, unless you pass some weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my things with your notes; and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order.

I am told the Laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet. That is all I can desire; it is enough, if it be abusive, and if it be his. He threatens

ens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn: and, as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine*, because I have a respect for *your* clergy, (though the verses are harder upon *ours*). But, if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Do not be discouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, &c.

L E T T E R CXXI.

IF I was not ashamed to be so behind-hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up, (any more than I could, in my present state, to overtake you in a race), I would particularise* which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all; and whatever very little respites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, I have been employed in revising the papers *on the use of riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise, against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.—I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all farther care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed

* Ver. 355,—358. of the 2d book of the Dunciad.

of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other, (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example), I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn the best side to the day as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life by the instantaneous effect it had, and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have passed five days without oppression, and recovered, what I had three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twickenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and, between that place and Battersea, with my Lord B. I will pass what I have of life, while he stays, (which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet). What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him; but that I will do the first day I find myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R CXXII.

April, 1744.

I AM sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have shewn to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither at present impracticable, even if there was no proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuse to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder—from printing the comment on the *use of riches* too hastily, since what you writ me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable of any thing. I hope at least, now at first to see you for a day or two here at Twittenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship*.

I am, &c.

* He died May 30, following.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF THE BARR

THE
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

O F

ALEXANDER POPE,

Of TWICKENHAM, Esq;

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my Last Will and Testament. I resign my soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, with the addition after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno 1117—ætatis —*; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable William Murray, his Majesty's Solicitor General, and George Arbuthnot, of the court of exchequer, Esq; the survivors or survivor of them, executors of this my Last Will and Testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my Noble Friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in
case

case he shall not survive me, to the above-said Earl of Marchmont. These, who in the course of my life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: that my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my works and translations of Homer bound in red Morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus: that my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer; that my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in Chiaro Oscuro, done by Kneller: that Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttleton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen of Widcombe, Esq; and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them, (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write commentaries or notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death, from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq; above-said, shall survive me, I order my executors to pay him the sum of

of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the amount of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded, he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, one hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond of five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family-pictures of my father, mother and aunts, and the diamond ring my mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs; and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant, John Searl, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of one hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself, and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searl: And it is my will, if the said John Searl die before me, that the said sum of one hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-Street, Cavendish-Square, the sum of one thousand pounds, immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my above-said executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, &c. and, after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government or other securities, according to their best judgment; and pay the produce

thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, during her natural life; and, after her decease, I give the sum of one thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of two hundred pounds to the abovesaid Gilbert West; two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and one hundred to my servant John Searl, to which soever of these shall be then living: and all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my last will and testament, written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, sealed, and declared
by the Testator, as his Last
Will and Testament, in
presence of us,

RADNOR.

STEPHEN HALES, Minister of Teddington.

JOSEPH SPENCE, Professor of History in the University
of Oxford.

FINIS.

